

*False Alarms—A Thrilling Story* By JOHN A. MOROSO

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*War's Aftermath in the Orient* By EDGAR ALLEN FORBES



EFFICIENCY

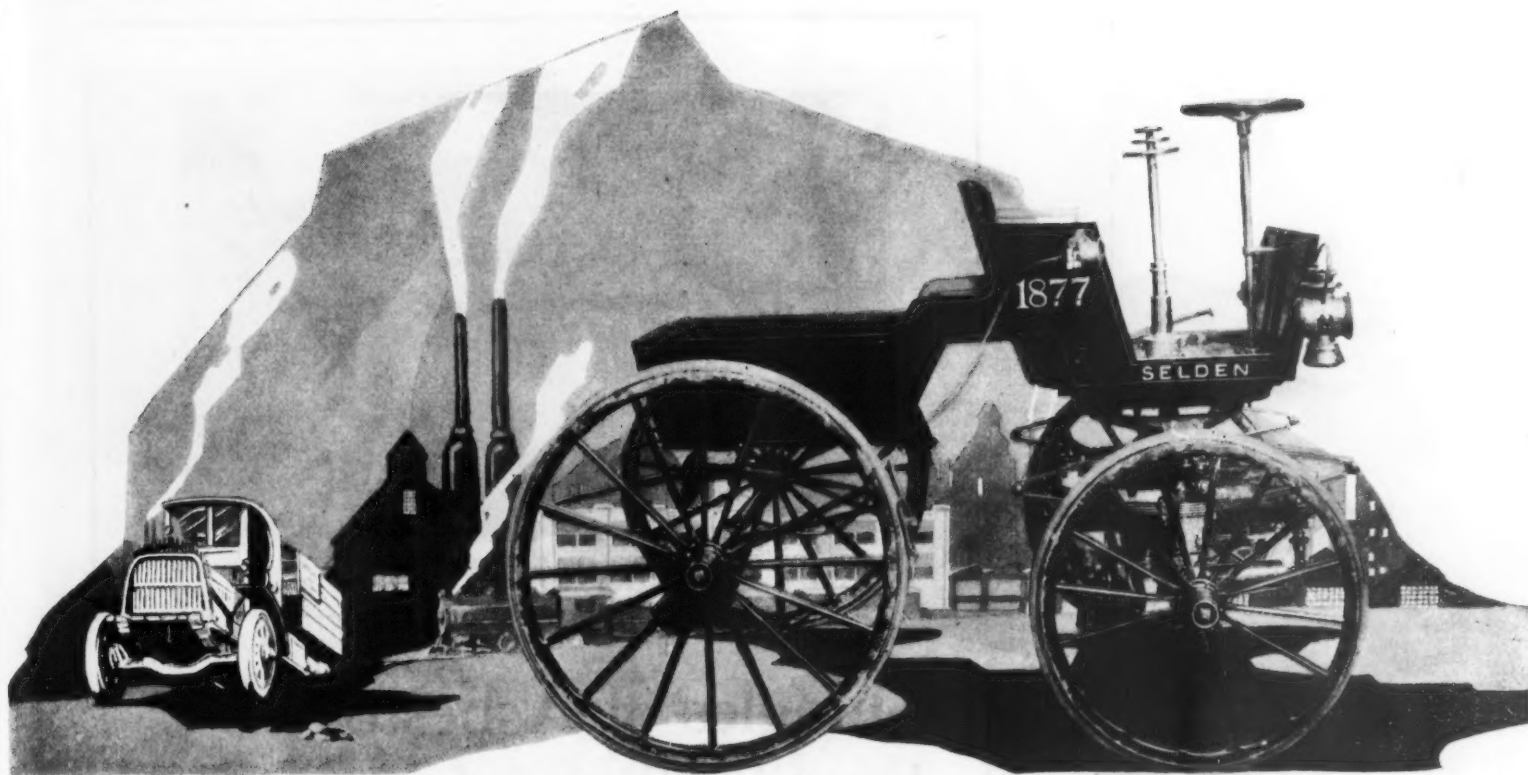
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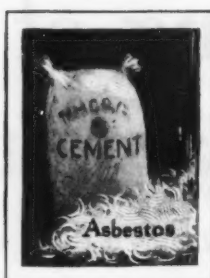
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## War's Aftermath in the Orient

How the Great Upheaval Has Affected China, Japan and Other Sections of the Far East

By EDGAR ALLEN FORBES

IT had been six years since I had last set foot in any of the Oriental lands, and so I went ashore at Yokohama with eyes that looked inquiringly for changes. Theoretically, the peoples of the East are so calm and sluggish that even six centuries would show little change, but after a man has had the experience of walking about in Canton and seeing the empire of China change into a republic almost overnight, he is prepared for almost anything. Furthermore, these had been six years of blood and unspeakable suffering; the maps of every continent had been rendered obsolete, and the thought of the whole world was running in newly cut channels.

### Japan Is Changed

Except for the high-powered motor-car waiting on the Hatoba where the rikishas should have been, Japan seemed to be on the surface the same delectable land as of old—"a land where things are as they are, and not as they ought to be." In the spacious sun-porch café of the Grand Hotel the same picturesque groups of men and women from every part of the western world were sipping the same drinks and gazing in the same listless way out over Yokohama Bay. Up and down Water Street, the heart of the historic "Settlement" that dates back to Commodore Perry, the prosaic business houses and go-downs were as indifferent as of yore, with show windows which looked as if nothing had been put in or taken out these six years. On the surface, at least, it was the same in Tokyo, the same in Osaka, the same in dreamy old Kyoto. Only in Kobe, sleek and prosperous profiteer, swollen with enormous gains growing out of war-time traffic and now the busiest import and export harbor of the empire, seemed there a different atmosphere.

And yet, as I soon learned from intimate association with the Japanese rather than with the European residents, the whole nation has been profoundly affected by the upheaval in Europe and the economic changes have brought changes as startling and problems as acute as any of those that have come to us in the wake of war. And it was surprising to find that so many of these changes and problems were exactly the same as our own.

In Yokohama, or Tokyo, for instance, it was quite as difficult (and as expensive) to reserve a room in a hotel or rent a residence as in Chicago or New York. Wages of many kinds of workmen (but not of the salaried class) had risen during the war to undreamed-of heights, and the cost of rice and charcoal and house rent had spiraled upward in the same ratio and was looping the

The lowly classes found employment at wages that promised ill for the future and the erstwhile petty employer rose suddenly to the status of the wealthy. Whereupon both classes at once proceeded to spend their newly acquired wealth with the recklessness of a drunken sailor and upset the established prices of everything, from the straw sandals and wooden clogs of the peasant to the gaily embroidered *obi* with which the *narikin* bedecked his favorite *geisha*.

It was not surprising, therefore, to note that the vernacular press, more outspoken than of old, was daily reflecting a condition of national unrest and criticism that seemed very homelike. Here was the same half-suppressed envy of the newly rich, the same open censure of the acts and personalities of the government, the same popular demand for a larger participation in the political and industrial life of the nation.



Once It Kept the World Out

The Great Wall of China, whose venerable stones and mortar are crumbling along with a multitude of strange prejudices and superstitions.

loops in the same dizzying fashion with which we are too familiar. It was evident that the war had brought to Japan an unprecedented prosperity of which every class was eagerly seeking its share, and with the usual results. It is significant that the first new Japanese word I learned was *narikin*, which may be translated into our picturesque national language as a "got-rich-quicker." Speculative ventures of many kinds, factories, large and small, foundries and shipyards everywhere had sprung into sudden existence or been extended on borrowed capital, oblivious of the inevitable tomorrow.

the expected anti-militaristic party was already crystallizing and disturbing the established order of things to a degree that threatened the perpetuation of certain groups of political leaders. This rising spirit of resentment against war, because it is now appreciated that war means heavier burdens of taxation and less rice for a *yen*, is perhaps the Orient's best safeguard against open hostilities. I came away from Japan with the conviction that neither the people of the empire nor their sagacious leaders would welcome a war with anybody. Internal conditions are such that nothing short of national dishonor would permit the Japanese to invite upon their shoulders the additional burdens of another conflict. They want peace and the permanent prosperity that it brings, however much a member of the Diet may now and then "wave the Bloody Shirt" to strengthen himself with certain classes whose electoral support is needed.

Within less than four months from the day of landing, I was watching the beginning of Japan's reaction from

### The Police Are Busy

A strike seemed to be no longer a startling phenomenon, and it was a dull Sunday in Tokyo when the stocky little police of Ueno Park did not have their hands full in dispersing "soap-box orators" who were haranguing crowds of young men and even of women on the desirability of universal suffrage.

the abnormal. For reasons not here to be mentioned the flow of "easy money" slackened and the fat business of dealing in bonds and speculative stocks went to smash. Then the bottom began to fall out of the highly important silk industry. To the joy of the city-dweller and the consequent discouragement of the farmer, the price of rice took a tumble. Thousands of wage-earners in the mills of Osaka and in factories everywhere awoke to find the plants suddenly closed. One of my intimate Japanese friends told me with gloomy face that his 20,000 yen were in the bank that had been forced the previous day to close its doors—and this explained the unusual phenomenon I had just seen on Moto-machi, a long line of depositors lined up in the street in front of a savings bank. But these are only the symptoms of a disordered digestion and are not to be taken too seriously by western business interests. Big brains at Tokyo and elsewhere quickly grappled with the problems which they doubtless have long anticipated. The most caustic critic of the Japanese must admit that the leaders who guide the destinies of that remarkable nation are long-headed men, quite the mental equals of statesmen who sit in the seats of the mighty on this side of the vast Pacific.

Unless something quite extraordinary and little to be expected should happen, Japan will quickly restore conditions that at least resemble the normal. Its fine steamships that reaped the golden harvest of wartime will continue to relieve the loneliness of the Pacific and Indian Oceans and give a stimulus to the hopeful manufacturer of Osaka, the importer and exporter of Kobe and Yokohama, and the industrious (but no longer cheap) wage-earners everywhere. Every traveller returning to Japan will continue to see significant changes but it is extremely unlikely that he will be present at any upheaval. The foundations of the existing government of Japan seem to have been laid in the same calculating way as the stones in its castle walls, and with a view to similar permanency.

### Manila "Wet" and Unchanged

The second of the Oriental lands revisited was the Philippines. Since the American Government still presides in stately dignity, and since America was still technically at war with Germany—and with a constantly recurring reference to a vague "Japanese peril"—I rather expected Manila to be bristling with "clean-lipped guns" and drab with service uniforms. To my amazement, it was just the reverse. Outside of some building activity on Corregidor Island and the drilling of a couple of American regiments just arrived from Siberia, military activity in the Philippines had been undergoing a steady decline. Great camps like Fort McKinley were either deserted or occupied by only a few little brown men in the garb of the Philippine Constabulary. White and not khaki was the prevailing color of every landscape where the Filipinos came together, and business was running along as briskly as if a world at war were an unheard-of condition.

It is the honk of the automobile and the motor truck, not the rumble of drums, that you now hear everywhere in the Philippines. Of course the motor-car was in the Philippines long before the war but not in flocks and shiploads. Up and down the ranges of high mountains, as well as along the dusty highways of the lowlands, the little brown brother drives his car with dizzying speed, one hand on the steering wheel and the other continuously forcing the notes of a fog-horn out of an astonished signal device that was never intended to perform such strenuous and nerve-racking service. This amazing multiplicity of automobiles can scarcely be catalogued as one of the results of a world-war but it is about as warlike as anything I saw on this visit to the islands that have given us so many worries.

### New Thrills in Ancient China

My individual experience is that South China, notwithstanding the beneficent influence of portly, conservative old Hongkong, can always be depended upon to produce some condition that will cause the thrills to chase one another up and down the traveler's spine. Especially at Canton. The first time I landed in that metropolis of hoary and ill-savory conditions, I had been compelled to accept a guard of soldiers to accompany the sedan-chair that floated me through the maze of its narrow streets. On a second visit to Canton, the Bund was lined with a procession of groaning and squealing wheelbarrows, each loaded with muskets and ammunition, and the room in which I slept that night was barricaded with sandbags. On this third visit, therefore, I almost wept with joy when I unfurled a Hongkong paper and read that the Cantonese troops under General So-and-So had been in action the previous day with the troops of some other general and there had been casualties. It was evidently the same old Canton,

still fighting whether under the dragon of empire, or the sunflower of revolution, or the five-striped bunting of a republic.

But Canton had a surprise for which I was ill-prepared. On the first day a young Chinese physician of American education called at the hotel to extend a friendly courtesy. We walked across the old French bridge that leads from the Shameen into the real Canton and presently emerged on the familiar Bund. Here, out of the midst of the gaudy Chinese restaurants and gambling houses, shot upward a real skyscraper, now the most conspicuous landmark of Canton. Half of it is the new "Hotel Asia" and the other half is a modern department store. A few steps farther and we came to that marvel of marvels in Canton—a garage! Just what chance there is in Canton for a garage to make a living is difficult for an old-timer in China to imagine, for it has always been out of the question for even a



Japan's "Man with the Hoe"

The proletariat of Japan, weary of the load it has patiently borne for so long, is not enthusiastic over militaristic policies that mean only heavier taxation, and it is making its voice heard in a way that is disturbing to the repose and merry-making of the upper classes.

'rikisha to travel in that city except along the river-front.

But the garage was real, and presently we were honking along the crowded Bund in a real 7-passenger machine. At a certain point we swerved inward toward the heart of the great city, along a wide, well-constructed boulevard such as no living man ever expected to see in that metropolis. For over an hour we spun around the city, creating as little excitement as in Tokyo. The miracle was easily explained. Canton had an ancient and honorable wall that it no longer needed, a wall that was of great thickness as well as of height. By demolishing this venerable landmark the city would doubtless bring regret to the tourist but would be able to provide a passage-way that would permit the joyful motor-car and eventually the electric railway to speed merrily through the almost solid mass of frail houses. And it was done. The idea proved contagious and whole blocks of houses were pulled down to make connecting streets.

### When an Old Wall Went

The street railway is not yet in operation but it is only a question of time until the silk-merchant of Canton will be commuting by electric tram with the same complacency that has always characterized his comings and goings.

The tearing down of the Canton wall was something more than the mere demolition of a piece of well-built masonry. With the wall went the prejudices (or the sentiment, if you prefer) of an ancient people; furthermore this wall was the back-end of thousands of homes where families had lived and died for generations. It was no small task to surmount the difficulties of which the wall was emblematic, but when the Chinese finally

made up their mind that the wall had to go, they made a very thorough job of it.

This miracle of South China is associated in my mind with a certain landscape in northern China. Near Chinglungchiao, on the Peking-Kalgan section of the Chinese Government Railways, it was necessary for a section of the Great Wall of China to be demolished in order to let the locomotive pass through. At a point where one instinctively pauses to enjoy an impressive view of the historic barrier which winds up the precipitous sides of the mountain like a huge dragon, the eye drops back to the foreground and to the familiar switch-signal that indicates a sidetrack. There it stands in the very gap made in the Great Wall, this prosaic emblem of modern progress. This switch-signal and a huge billboard on the crest of the mountain to remind the visitor of the merits of a certain brand of cigarettes are my most vivid memories of the Great Wall of China.

### Appearances are Deceiving

Off and on for quite a number of years, the phrase "Awakening of China" has been reiterated in such an enthusiastic way that we have grown somewhat impatient at the slowness of the process. We have been led to expect China to suddenly throw off its ancient bed-clothes and spring to its feet eager and alert. Instead, the actual China of our day bears a most striking resemblance to the China of Marco Polo—at least in many of its most conspicuous aspects. Its peoples seem remarkably tolerant of the old order of things; they have no more intense longing for soap and water and sewers and street-sweepers than they had under the tyranny of the Manchu rule. With all of their well-deserved reputation for business honor and integrity—and no other Oriental nation can even be compared with them in this respect—you continue to find that the time-honored "squeeze" is supposed to universally pervade all circles of government and that it enters quite largely into commercial transactions. Furthermore, factional fighting which even approaches the magnitude of civil warfare at times, seems to be the normal status of the Republic of China.

It is well not to be misled by these superficial phenomena, however regrettable they may be. China is awakening, but is not awake. Moreover, it is apparently not at all disturbed by the consciousness that it is taking its own time to wake up, for its people appear not to fear that the awakening may come too late. With the disturbing alarm-clock of the western world ringing in its ears, the giant nation has merely turned over on its side, given a few delicious yawns, and sunk back into a half-dreamy state. But he makes a tremendous mistake who pessimistically imagines that this apathetic condition will continue indefinitely. Should a great national necessity suddenly arise, it is not at all unlikely that China would not only awaken but unite its discordant factions with a rapidity that would be as startling as the suddenness with which it threw off the Manchu yoke.

### The Rockefeller Foundation

Here, in this vast republic of four hundred million people differing in vital respects from all other peoples of the Orient, lies the great American opportunity. Nowhere else has there ever been such an overwhelming mass of human beings with such tremendous possibilities, fettered only with the superstitions and ignorance of centuries. It was a pleasing pilgrimage that I made one afternoon in Peking to the latest and most significant recognition of the immeasurable possibilities of the Chinese people—the new buildings of the medical university of the Rockefeller Foundation. Here are to be trained (mainly with American money) the young men and women of China who will go out into every nook and corner of the vast republic as scientific physicians and trained nurses, revolutionizing sanitary and social conditions in coöperation with all of the other uplifting forces at work. And the Chinese are not a people to forget that America has been the one great power that has always held out for the integrity of its domain. Far as the East is from the West in all its ways and thought, it is impossible to pass through the entire length of the great land, as I have recently done, and not feel instinctively that the national heart-beat is responsive to our own.

I like to recall one vivid memory of North China in the early dawn. I was going up from the south on the night express and the first notes of an army bugle brought me instantly out of a deep sleep. It was the reveille of a Chinese garrison and though the notes were unfamiliar I noted that they were blown full and clear with never a quaver. Glancing out the car-window, I caught the sign on the station—"Tsinanfu," the junc-

Concluded on page 410

# Raising a Rice Crop Is a Job for Web-Feet



**"Wet" Territory**

Plowing a Philippine rice field is no spectacle calculated "to keep the boys on the farm." Drought is not included among the worries of a rice farmer.



**Rice on the Side**

If we told you that these were views of early Roman amphitheaters, you might believe us, if you did not look too closely. You might even pick out your ringside seat for the next lion-martyr bout. But these are not ancient bleachers; they are the marvelous rice terraces of a mountain province in the Philippines. Man's ingenuity and labor have overcome the fact that water will not linger on a hillside. The larger view is a general one of the terraced topography; the smaller (above) a close-up of a hillside farm.



PHOTO EDWARD ARONIS



**Rice Stacks Have a Familiar Look**

The rice crop harvested, it is stacked thus. Rice stacks are much like hay-stacks, except that the former belong to the "Wets," the latter to the "Drys."



**Weeding Rice Is a Damp Job**

Years of labor in the rice fields bid fair to develop a race of web-foot men and women who swim to their work. Wet feet never give a Philippine rice-worker grave concern for his health.

# EDITORIAL

JOHN A. SLEICHER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"STAND BY THE FLAG: IN GOD WE TRUST"

CHARLES AUBREY EATON

EDITOR

## The Sow Returns to Her Wallow

THE present presidential campaign started and has been developed upon a miserably low moral and intellectual plane. For stark mental and moral poverty it is probably the worst the country has ever known.

More than anyone else Mr. Cox, the Democratic nominee, is responsible for this condition. In his speeches and interviews he sounded the keynote and set the example. Even so stout a partisan as the *New York Times* feels called upon to take him to task for the reckless irresponsibility of his statements. His own campaign manager, speaking under oath before the Senate Committee in Chicago, made it clear that he knew of no facts to support the sensational statements of his Chief.

Mr. Cox opened his campaign by publicly accusing the Republican managers of attempting to "buy the Presidency." For this dark and sinister purpose a fund of fifteen million dollars was to be or has been raised—mainly from wicked rich men who were about to use "bayonets" against their innocent, down-trodden and helpless employees.

On investigation by the Senate Committee this hypothetical fifteen millions shrunk to three, which was about the sum the Democratic leaders testified that they ought to have in order to carry out a reasonably efficient campaign.

Meanwhile the more intelligent of the electors in both parties have become thoroughly disgusted with the whole banal affair. Neither Democrats nor Republicans have any stomach for this cheap and nasty stuff. They are sadly familiar with the various types of political buncombe used so often in local elections. They expect the average ward politician to split the ears of the groundlings with brayings and bleatings of every known and unknown degree of asininity. But in a Presidential campaign they have learned to expect a dignity and sanity of appeal worthy of the importance of the issues involved. They like a fighter, and do not shrink from his giving and taking hard knocks, but unless their candidate puts up a big, fair, manly fight he is judged to be too small for the job he seeks.

Among the numerous readjustments which need to be made in our political machinery the method of financing national campaigns stands well to the fore. We now have some fifty or sixty million voters of every variety of occupation and grade of intelligence, and scattered over a vast territory. At present prices it is impossible to circularize these voters with only one circular of any real value for less than ten to fifteen million dollars. So that if the Republicans, or Democrats either, did have a fund of fifteen millions, it would not be enough to carry on an educational campaign of any permanent value.

### Fifteen Millions too Small a "Corruption Fund"

As for "corrupting the electorate" and "buying the Presidency" with fifteen million dollars, it is not enough to make the job a success. Fifteen million would only allow twenty-five cents a head and even though the electorate were as venal as Mr. Cox seems to think, they surely could not be properly corrupted for much less than a dollar apiece.

A Republican congressman is credited with the truly startling discovery that the British Government has set aside eighty-seven thou-

sand dollars for the purpose of buying the Democratic party, including, we suppose, its leaders, actual and prospective. We cannot speak with authority on the relative corruptibility of Democrats as compared with Republicans, but this seems almost too small a sum when divided among the thirty-odd million followers of Mr. Cox even after making due allowance for the supposed potency of "British gold."

All of which goes to show that we are sadly in need of stirring up our national sense of humor and, at the same time, taking something to reduce an abnormal accumulation of bile.

### Why Not Tell the Truth?

We shall never get back to normal so long as we indulge and permit our supposed leaders to indulge in these worn-out and stupid political hypocrisies. Why not come out and say, what every sane man knows to be the truth, that the real leaders in our political life are not dishonest; and that the electors of this country, no matter what their party name, cannot now and never could be bought or bullied into voting contrary to their convictions.

The surface indications are rather discouraging. They seem to indicate that after the exalted idealism and wonderful national unity of the war period our people have fallen back into temporary moral and mental eclipse. Patriotism has been pushed aside by partisanship. National unity has been shattered by personal selfishness. In Scriptural language, "the sow has returned to her wallow!"

On the theory of Mr. Cox these surface indications would seem to represent a permanent reality. But we believe that he is wrong.

## Weed Out the Parasites

A PRIVATE corporation can't afford to have a single useless employee on its pay roll. Governments have droves of them. The "Government stroke" has come to be a proverbial expression. Men don't try to do a normal amount of work when employed by municipal, State or Federal Government. The Government is expected to have a fringe of more or less useless employees on its rolls. That condition was never more flagrant than it is today. A vast army of new Federal office-holders has been created during the past seven years. The war aggravated a condition which was always bad enough. The *New York Evening Sun* is authority for the statement that Government spying, in one form or another, costs \$50,000,000 a year. The Department of Justice spends more than \$2,000,000, and in the collection of war revenue the spying eye of Uncle Sam costs the people \$21,000,000. The house-cleaning can't begin any too soon to please the taxpayer. At first blush it seems strange that the National Federation of Federal Employees should advocate the weeding out from Governmental service of useless employees. But if all unnecessary positions are done away, the holders of important positions might be better paid, and even then the Government would save money. If all the parasites are gotten rid of, then the 66,000 adults in Government employment receiving, according to President Seward of the National Association of Federal Employees, less than \$3 a day might be granted a living-wage.

## A Local Strike of National Interest

THE Brooklyn Rapid Transit strike has in it more than the customary local interest, since the final authority with whom the strikers must deal is a Federal Judge. The Brooklyn Company is in the hands of receivers, and Judge Mayer, whose sworn duty it is to protect both the public and the stockholders, has the ultimate say on all matters affecting the finances of the company. The strike in question is in violation of a contract entered into by the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees and Receiver Lindley M. Garrison. It was called by the Amalgamated without notice to the company or to the public. For all these reasons Judge Mayer declares he would be recreant to duty if he had further dealings with the Amalgamated Association which has thus proven itself "faithless to its obligations and irresponsible in its conduct."

Strikes frequently involve just such a flagrant violation of contract, but it puts a new face upon the question when the ultimate authority with whom the strikers must deal is a Federal Judge. To all but the leaders in the strike Judge Mayer promises on their return to work restoration of seniority and other privileges, the increase in wages offered by Receiver Garrison and the right of collective bargaining, but refuses to deal with an organization that has broken its contract. Labor needs to learn this lesson. There can be no stability in the relations of employers and employees until contracts are as binding upon one party as upon the other.



Drawn by ELLISON HOOVER

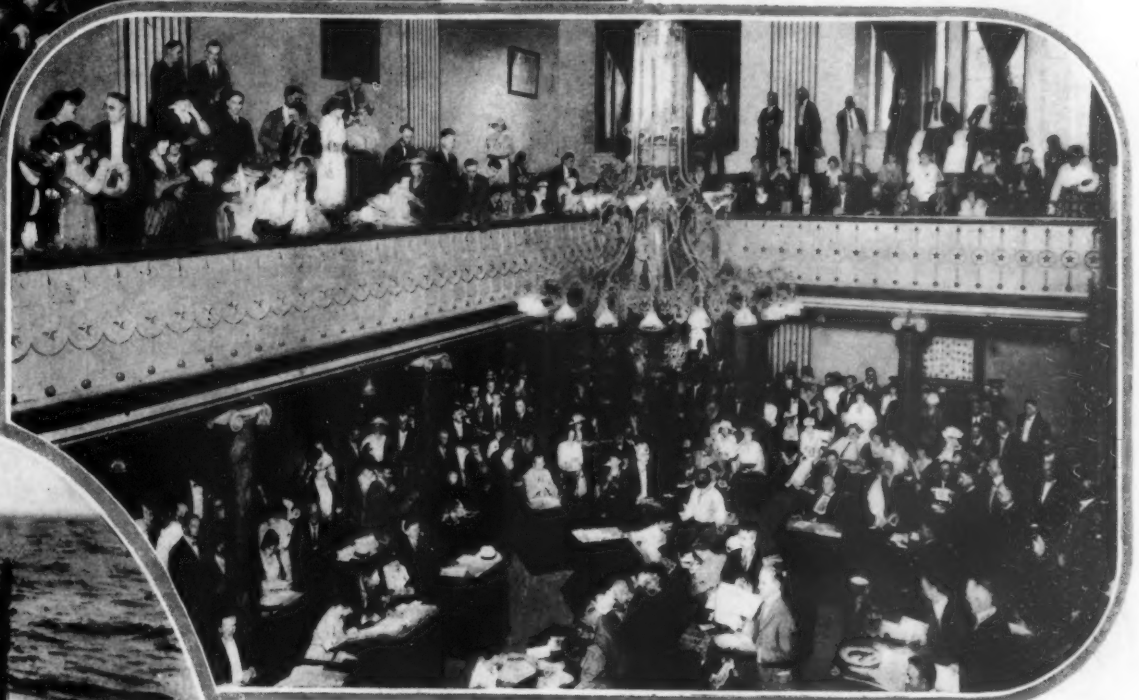
Uncle Sam: You are the best workman in the world, but you must be fair!

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



Young America Parades

THE greatest event of the year at Asbury Park—the "Baby Parade," which this year drew a record-breaking crowd and was participated in by the finest crop of youngsters ever exhibited.



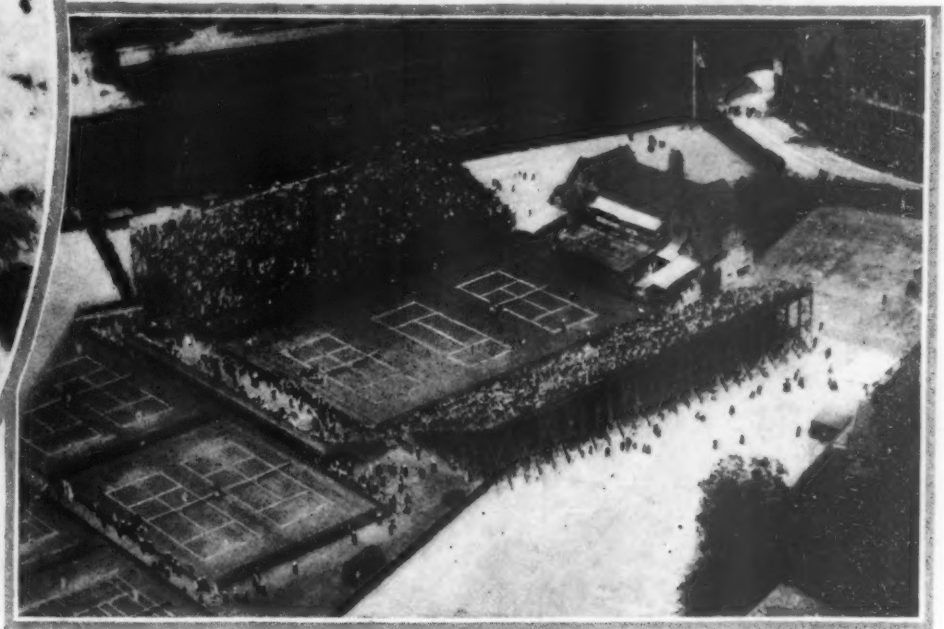
Where the Great Woman Suffrage Fight Terminated

IN this room—the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol in Nashville, Tennessee—the woman suffragists made their great victorious fight recently. The vote in the upper house was 25 to 4 in favor of the resolution providing for ratification of the Federal Suffrage Amendment. The lower house voted favorably, and, presto! the women of the United States were able to vote.



The Sub that Sank

AN unusual view of the S-5, the United States submarine which sank 55 miles off the Delaware capes and for a time threatened to carry its crew of 40 officers and men to a watery grave. After being imprisoned for 48 hours everybody aboard was rescued.



A Picture that Caused a Tragedy

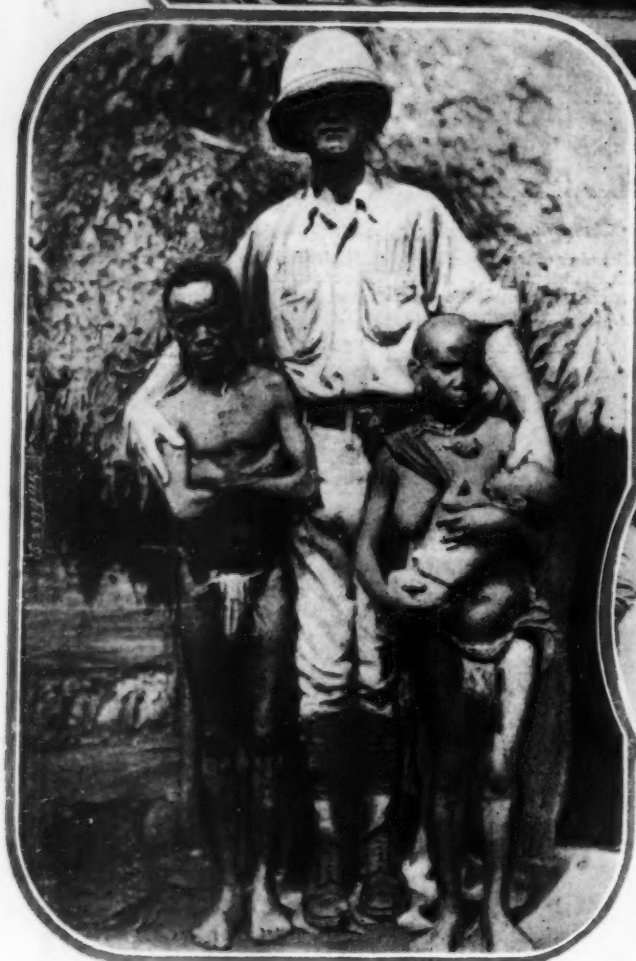
THIS remarkable picture, and a number similar to it, led to the death of two famous U. S. Army aviators recently. The pictures were so enthusiastically praised by photographic experts that Sergeant J. P. Saxe, who, in an army airplane piloted by Lieut. J. M. Grier, swooped down over the National All-Comers' Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills, to get them, resolved to get more like them at the finals—four days later. The machine crashed and the two men were killed.

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



Where Germany Made Her Munitions

THIS picture would have been priceless in any of the Allied countries not so very long ago. It is a snapshot of the great Krupp Works, at Essen, Germany, taken the other day by a German aviator. Flying over the great munitions plant today is a very simple feat.



From Darkest Africa

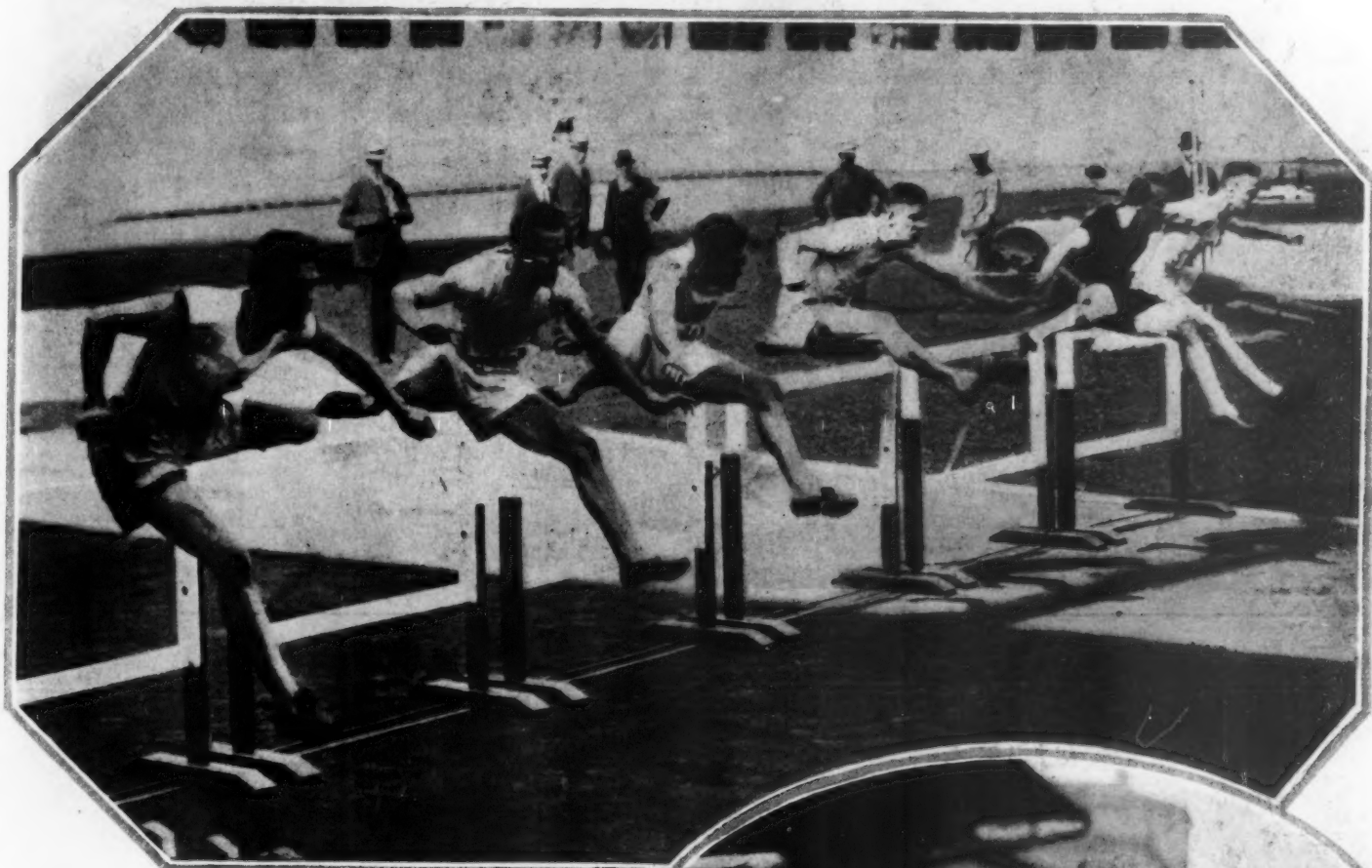
DR. SHATTUCK, a member of the Vandenberg expedition which recently discovered a race of pygmies in the Belgian Congo, with a family of the little people—the father, mother and baby. The adults of the strange race average only about four feet in height.



A Great Event in the Old Bay State

A FEW of the participants in the great Pilgrim Tercentenary celebration at Provincetown, Mass. They are shown entering the Church of the Pilgrims. England and France have both sent a warship to the celebration, which is attracting nation-wide interest, and thousands of Americans are "going East" to make the event a great success.

# Pictorial Digest of the World's News



Over the Hurdles at Antwerp

THE greatest hurdler of all time—Earl Thompson—(on the extreme left) smashing his way into the lead in the final of the 110-meter hurdle race during the Olympic Games at Antwerp. He won the race and, in doing so, established a new world's record. Thompson represented Canada, but he is a student at Dartmouth University



A Great Pole Sends America a Message

IT is hardly necessary to say that the distinguished figure in the picture at the right is Paderewski. There is no mistaking that wonderful head—that long white hair, the same head and hair which for years moved frantically over a piano being played as few pianos have ever been played since first master musicians began to use them. Just before the great Pole resigned the Premiership of Poland last November, he said to George Palmer Putnam, the New York publisher, "Poland will never go Bolshevik. She has seen enough of Bolshevism at close quarters to know what it means. We are progressive, but not radical—and Poland is not reactionary." "Mr. President," said the American, "won't you write that out for me in a message to my country—especially for the Poles in America—telling them just what Poland of today is doing and plans to do?" Whereupon Paderewski sat down and wrote the message reproduced on this page. It is the only direct personal message sent by the Premier to this country. Translated it reads: "Poland goes neither to the right nor the left! By swerving in either direction she could plunge into the ditch of reaction or the slough of anarchy. Poland will progress straight forward, eagerly accepting the best the right and left offers to help her do creative work and bear hardship, making the national road ever wider and more permanent."

*Polaka nie idzie ani na prawo ani na lewo!  
Idzie kawałkami w prawo i kawałkami w lewo  
miedzy granicami jej albo w ciemne nieznane,  
albo do katedry anarchy.  
Polska chce iść naprzód ale prosto, zago-  
winięciem skrajności, z lewej i z prawej, wprost  
do góry do światła, do wolności, do pracy, do  
do budowy państwa, do budowy państwa, do  
do budowy państwa, do budowy państwa, do  
budowy państwa.*

*J. Paderewski*

*Now York, September  
1919.*



"Stop him!" yelled men, women and children from window and sidewalk.

## False Alarms

By JOHN A. MOROSO

Illustrated by ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

**W**HERE you goin', Min?" Jimmy Darcy of Fire Company Number Twenty-four held up Minnie Maddigan, his captain's daughter, in front of the engine house, with his most engaging smile. It was at summer's end and Morton Street, down in the old Ninth Ward of New York, was revelling in the cool days of early October. From the North River, just two blocks west, a salty breeze played in Jimmy's heavy shock of red hair. It also swept close to his eager eyes a Pickford curl, dark as smoke in the night, which dangled from Minnie's little left ear.

"Movies," she replied, reaching up to him and buttoning his half-opened blue flannel shirt. He squeezed her arm gently, staring down at her boyish hat of blue imitation velour.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she sighed as she turned upward her soft eyes. "I wish you were an actor!"

"An actor!" he gasped, his jaw dropping in astonishment. "An actor! Me an actor!"

"A movie actor," she added.

"Say, Min, what you tryin' to put over on me?" he asked cautiously.

"I mean it." She drew back from him and tucked her hands in a wide belt about her smart ready-made jacket. "You've got the looks, and that's what they want on the screen."

"Forget it, quick." There was impatience in his voice.

**H**ONEST. I'll say you have the looks." Her parted lips as she smiled up to him, the little dimples in her round cheeks, the blue vein in her throat, her sweet smiling lips, all the fresh loveliness of her eighteen years, untouched by paint and powder, made his heart beat wildly within him.

"Gee, Min," he whispered, "I just keep watchin' at this door all day long for a look at you. I can't think of nuthin' else. When the bell taps our call it takes me a week to git back to earth and I have to yell out for somebody to give me the box number. Honest, I ain't got brains enough left to count."

Minnie watched the fire dancing in his clear gray eyes and the heaving of his deep chest. She saw his big hands tremble as they reached for hers and, regardless of the

passers-by, seize them and squeeze them until she winced with pain.

"Beveridge Farnham couldn't do it any better, Jimmy," she told him. "You'd be a hit, a riot, in a close-up pleading with the girl."

"What goil?" he asked, puzzled, his ardor fading.

"Any of the stars; Elsie Ferguson, Theda Bara, Vivian Martin." She reeled off the entire list of screen favorites.

"Pleadin' i'r what, Min?"

"For her love." She sighed deeply.

"Her love me-eye!" he snorted. "I don't make you, Min. I ain't any Brigham Young. It's you I want. It's you got me half crazy with them blue Irish eyes and the black hair and all the sweet rest of you, Min. It's you, Sweetheart, keeps me dreamin' all day and all night, dreamin' on a ladder or on a roof with an axe swingin' in me hands, dreamin' when I'm shootin' the apparatus 'round Hudson Street on the bias, missin' trucks and cars by a hair and makin' your old man bawl me out for a murderer or a lunatic."

**I**T'S great, Jimmy!" Her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "There's none of them million-dollar-a-year lads got a thing on you as the Poifect Lover!"

"The Poifect Lover!" he fairly shouted. "The Poifect Piffle! Lookit, Min, the movies have got you headed for the bughouse. Lay off that stuff. You stand there gettin' all that bunk off your chest with me tellin' you how I love you so it hoits me all over? You puttin' me, what's known you since you was a little kid, in the same class with these movie false alarms what ought to be doing a honest day's work instead of musing i'r a lot of schoolgirls? You . . ."

"Hey!" His outburst was cut off by a loud challenge from within the firehouse. Captain Steve Maddigan, gently combing a curly, freshly dyed mustache, came to the door. "Git inside and git busy with that motor, Jimmy," he ordered. "She was skippin' on the last call."

"Hello, Dad," his daughter greeted.

"Hello, Minnie. Where you goin'?"

"To the movies."

"Did Mom say it was all right?"

"Sure."

"What they playin'?"

"Flames of Love."

"What kind of flames are them?"

"I dunno."

"Well, run along. We got other kind of flames to look after."

As she hurried down the street in the crystal early afternoon, on her way to the neighborhood picture house and the joy of basking before the magic silver curtain, her Dad watched her with pride in his eyes. Her trim shoulders were thrown back. Her step was light, but sure. The river breeze tossed her dark curls about a shapely neck, and her blue ready-made, matching her hat and her eyes, made him think of springtime and of Mom when Mom was a slip of a lass.

"Jimmy Darcy," he said confidentially as he turned back into the house and paused over the red-haired husky at his examination of his motor. "There ain't a girl in the old Ninth Ward has anything on my Minnie for looks and style."

"I'll say there ain't," grunted Jimmy.

"And if you don't break all our necks with your wild driving of this gasoline engine we'll live to see the biggest wedding ever pulled off south of Fourteenth Street in the mimory of man." He gave a last bit of preening to his mustache and slipped the comb in the inside pocket of his silver-buttoned uniform coat. "And, Jimmy?"

"Yus."

**S**HE'S the spittin' image of her mother when she was a girl. There wasn't a young galoot in the ward wasn't ravin' crazy about her, but you know who won her, Jimmy. You know."

"Uh-huh."

"My Minnie's romantic, but there ain't a woman, young or old, Jimmy, can turn out a pan of biscuits like hers. They're so light we gotta keep the windows closed when we eat 'em or they'll fly out on the breeze of the morning."

"Is that so?"

"It is. And what do you think's the picture she's off to see?"

"Dunno." Jimmy grunted from under the hood of his engine.

"Flames of Love!" laughed Captain Steve Maddigan, drawing out his little comb again. "'Flames of Love!'"

And he kept repeating the title as he passed on and upstairs to his office.

"Flames of Love!" muttered Jimmy over his carburetor. "Flames of Love", and the poor kid's Dad is solid bone from the neck up."

THERE were few flats in New York Town as sweetly clean, as bright with the sunshine of life and as snug as the one which held the Maddigans. It was on the second floor of one of a cluster of old-fashioned residences overlooking Hudson Park from Leroy Street. The houses, with fanlights over the doors and little dormer windows peeping out at the tree-tops timidly, seemed to have rallied in a last desperate stand of the old New York against the encroachment of the modern giants from the skyscraper section, a few blocks to the south.

The parlor of the flat had been a reception-room back in the seventies, and from a splendid old marble fireplace the Maddigans got the warmth and cheer of a real hearth-side in fall and winter months, while a tall pier mirror between the deep front windows reflected Dad and Mom and Minnie in their contentment.

Steve Maddigan, "born in the block," the equivalent in the old Ninth Ward of the Mayflower boast of Bostonians, counted himself a happy man. He had led a sober life, had saved his money, had invested it in a paying trucking business, had bought from the department his company's team of powerful white horses, Babe Ruth and Joe, when the high-pressure system and gasoline supplanted them, and, with his wife still smooth of cheek and bright of eye to pamper him, he looked forward with confidence to the only event which could cap his happiness—a good husband for Minnie.

"Flames of Love!" he muttered again and again as he preened and plumed before the bureau in his bedroom. "Flames of Love!" The sigh that escaped his lips fairly whistled through his beloved mustache. "I hope Jimmy Darcy never puts them out. I hope he pours kerosene oil on 'em with a four-inch nozzle." He turned and gave himself a side view in the mirror and seemed quite well satisfied.

Mom, who was lighting the fire in the parlor, came to the bedroom door and with her hands on her ample hips, merriment in her eyes, under smoothly parted black hair where the silver lay but lightly, demanded to know what he was growling about.

"Ye're as handsome as ever," she informed him. "Babe and his team mates are kicking against comfortable stalls, instead of dragging peddler carts through the streets on half rations. Ye've got money in every savings bank from Harlem to the Battery. Ye've got a bunch of fire lads could put out purgatory if they could chop a hole in the roof. Ye've got . . ."

"I have," he broke in. "Then what are ye carrying on like a trained seal for, all alone here in this room?"

"I was pickin' out a husband f'r our Minnie." "I'm glad of that." Some of the laughter left her eyes. Her voice lost its banter.

"What makes you say it that way?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Steve." Mrs. Maddigan lowered herself to the edge of their four-poster and smoothed out her pink-and-white gingham apron thoughtfully. "I think we made a mistake in not letting her go to work when she finished school. A job makes a girl realize what it means to have the love and care of a good man. There's Veronica McGuire, her chum, working in the paper-box factory as a stenographer. She'd drop in a dead faint if Jimmy Darcy was to speak the word to her, him as is so good to his old mother, so steady on the job and handsome a boy as ever a mother had, with all that his hair is so red it would make an Eytalian sunset holler for the night to hurry up."

"What's the matter with Minnie?" "The movies have got her crazy in the head." Mom threw up her hands in a gesture of despair. "I come in the parlor on her suddenly last night and there she was settin' in front of the fireplace with a book in her hand, staring across it with tears in her eyes as big as cobblestones. I thought she had a pain somewhere and jumped for her but she waves me aside and snivels, 'He loves me not!'"

"It may be that she had a row with Jimmy Darcy, Maggie."

"She did not. She kept on snivelling them four words, and when I asked her what was the trouble, two huge tears rolled down her face and sizzled on the grate. Then I looked at the book in her lap and saw it was one of these fake works on how to become a great movie actress in twenty lessons, by Ignatz Kolodensky or something, the famous director. It was opened at the chapter on Grief, and I hope I'll drop dead right here on me marriage bed, Steve, if that poor boob of ours wasn't workin' herself up into a regular Niagara Falls."

"Let her weep," he grunted. "It won't hurt the carpet, and if it puts out the fire it will be right in the family line."

"So I boxed her ears to help along her Art," the mother went on. "She turned on me like a wildcat, screaming I had betrayed her to her lover, chased me into the kitchen and had me scared stiff in the knees until I got on to the fact that she was using the dope book on me. Then we had it."

"Rough-house?"

"It took some time, but I got her across the table and fanned her."

"Fanned her!" repeated Captain Maddigan.

"I did." Mrs. Maddigan's eyes filled with tears and her lips began to twitch.

"Don't cry, Maggie," he said, sitting beside her and slipping an arm about her waist. "It ain't especially serious."

"But it is so," she protested. "I found out she has been using her spending money taking personal lessons from this Bullshavik Ignatz Something. He's got a studio over in Greenwich Village, near the theatre, where the bob-haired girls hang out. It's a little bit of a shack on the edge of a fenced-in vacant lot where he puts up bum scenery and makes pictures on bright days for anybody with the price. It's a bad bunch hangs out there. I know. I looked through a knot-hole in the fence and I saw one of them with our Minnie hanging on his arm as if she had known him all her life, and he grinning down in her pretty face in a way that made me heart stop beating."

"Oho!" Maddigan got to his feet and kicked out one leg after the other thoughtfully. "Oho! One of them gentlemen!" His voice was that of a man exulting in the near approach of combat.

"I didn't want to tell you, Steve." The look in his face frightened her. "Please don't," she pleaded. "You'll just get us all in the police court. And if you lose your temper you might murder the man. . . No, you're not going out of this flat, Steve Maddigan." She barred his way to the door and looked at him defiantly.

"Maggie Maddigan, I'm sure going out of this flat right now," he informed her, but it was with a little laugh that somehow made her feel that he would be master of his terrible anger, a thing she had learned to dread in earlier years. "You just get the supper ready and I'll run along and see what I can do to get Minnie cured. And if I can't get her cured, then I'll try curing the professor and his cohorts."

"I'm for it!"

Mrs. Maddigan sat dumfounded on the outer edge of the company seated before the marble fireplace. It was Beau Night, Wednesday, the one evening of the week when the more humble New Yorkers, by common agreement unspoken, suffer the uproar of piano players and player-pianos, shrill voices and shriller phonographs until the coming of the milkman. Dad was, as usual, occupying the front and center, monopolizing the conversation and gently caressing his precious whisker.

"I'm for it and why shouldn't I be?" he asked. "There isn't a girl in the ward has anything on my Minnie. They're all rhinestone queens beside her, present comp'ny accepted. And there ain't any vamp on the

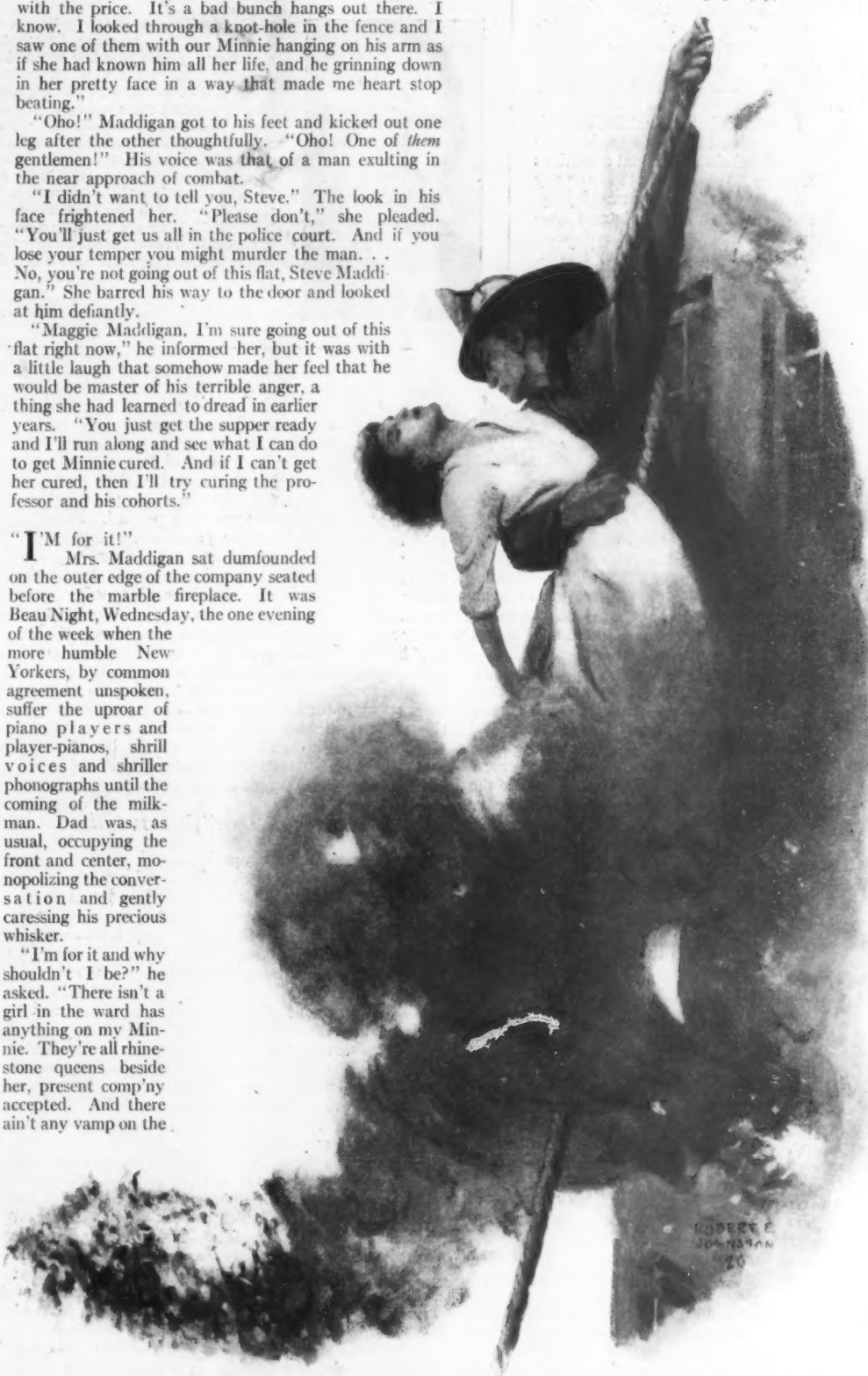
stage or screen can beat her for making a guy forget home and mother and the job. Look at Jimmy Darcy there! Look at him!"

"Aw, leave me be," groaned Jimmy as Veronica McGuire and Esther Flannery from the paper-box factory shrieked with laughter.

Jimmy's old mother, who came often to the Maddigans, snuggled nearer her old friend, drew her plaid shawl tighter about her and whispered: "Phwat's changed the man so, Maggie?"

"It's his vanity, Nora," Mrs. Maddigan whispered back. "His old head is iron and filled with nuts and rivets when it comes to conceit. I'd rather be dead than live to see such a day with me old man crazy with such nonsense and my Minnie's face painted worse than a red Indian's. Look at the scarlet she's just begun putting on her lips. And the enamel on her cheeks. It's hideous, Nora." Her voice was fraught with shame and despair. "And me thinking only three weeks ago," she added, "that when my Steve left the flat to protect his only child from the evil of these movie devils he'd mash

(Continued on page 405)



"Safely between the flame-filled windows, the heavy rope was held by men on the street, and a great cheer went up as Jimmy, his right leg twisted neatly about it, came sliding down to the sidewalk."

# Watch Your Steps, America and Japan!

*Beyond the Pacific a Vicious Yellow Press Is Yelping at Us and the Militarists Are in Control; Over Here Washington Is Sleeping Peacefully; Trouble May Come, Says a Great Business Man Who Knows and Likes the Japanese*

By CHARLES AUBREY EATON

Editor Leslie's Weekly

IN the spring of this year a group of American business men went to Japan for the purpose of studying at first hand those conditions economic, political and racial with which the United States must deal in developing its future relations with the Orient.

Associated with Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, Mr. George Eastman and others in this voyage of discovery was Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company.

After spending several weeks in Japan with his associates, Mr. Kingsley left the party and visited China and Korea, returning later to Japan where he further investigated conditions before sailing for America.

No man in America is better qualified by ability, temperament, education and experience to unravel the tangled skein of Oriental conditions than is Mr. Kingsley. What he has to say on any subject is always marked by fairness of judgment, keen analysis, and a genuine human sympathy. These fine qualities of mind and heart are peculiarly marked in Mr. Kingsley's interpretation of the Japanese situation.

Mr. Kingsley finds the Eastern situation too vast and complicated to permit of complete understanding. The political cross-currents are confused and confusing. Equally responsible men make contradictory statements. The forces at work are primeval in origin and unfamiliar to the Western mind and, more fundamental than all, stands the changeless fact that East is East and West is West, separated now, as always, by a baffling, spiritual unlikeness.

## When the Japanese Listened

It does not solve the problem in any degree, but it is rather comforting to learn that folks on the other side of the world are as badly befuddled in their mental processes at the present moment as we are here in America. This at least establishes one point of sympathy between us by insuring an equal amount of mistakes and failures in our efforts toward a better civilization.

While in Japan Mr. Kingsley addressed a great mass meeting in Osaka. With characteristic courage and clarity of speech he frankly told his Japanese hearers exactly what the American people thought about Shantung and other matters in which Japan had played a leading part.

The *Osaka Mainichi* printed this address in full, accompanied by extended editorial comment. In a letter to the editor of *Mainichi*, written since his return, Mr. Kingsley makes several striking statements which ought to receive the earnest attention of Americans and Japanese alike.

"If you will read the Osaka address over, you will see that I was interpreting the public opinion of California and of the United States, rather than advancing my own opinion. At the same time my opinion at most points concurs with what I stated to be public opinion here. That is true with regard to Shantung, which you may have discussed in your later editorial.

## Strong Words from a Big Man

"The day I landed in San Francisco, I spoke before a joint luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club of that city. I call your attention to the fact that I stated then that, in my opinion, Japan would accept any arrangement with the Federal Government in Washington which did not compromise her self-respect. I thoroughly believe that.

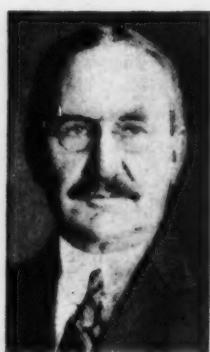
"You may conclude that my mental attitude when I spoke in San Francisco differed from my convictions when I spoke in Osaka on two points:

"1st. As to Shantung; and

"2nd.—As to the militaristic purposes of the Japanese Government.

"I said in Osaka that I believed Japan would do justice in Shantung, and that she would not follow a militaristic policy in Manchuria, Siberia, and China. Frankly, my visit to the other side of the Yellow Sea compelled me to modify my opinion, or, if not that, at least to suspend judgment. I have never been able to understand how

Japan by military conquest of Kiau-Chau got any better title to economic rights and privileges than she did to the sovereignty of that section. We were told flatly while we were in Japan that she would ultimately restore territorial sovereignty to China, but emphasis was always laid on the word 'territorial.' It was always said that eco-



"THE militarists and the yellow press of Japan—a press so yellow that it makes our yellows look like snowflakes—insists that we are a militaristic people; that we intend to annex Asia. Remember that there is no public opinion in Japan as we understand it, nor, as we understand it, a free press. The material for conflagration exists there and is inflammable in spots. If we are to help Japan in the achievement of the high destiny to which we summoned her in 1853, if we are to utilize a proper share of the business opportunities that lie in the East, we must have a definite policy declared from Washington and adhered to."

Darwin P. Kingsley.

conomic rights, concessions, etc., must be discussed with China. I was never able, therefore, to arrive at a clear conclusion as to just what Japan intended to do, and as I could not see that she had any better title to economic rights and concessions than she had to territorial sovereignty, I was puzzled. Having looked at the problem from the point of view of China, and having felt the Chinese reaction, I am now more than puzzled. Frankly, I am in doubt as to whether Japan will ultimately do what seems to me at least to be justice in Shantung.

"I am also in doubt as to whether or not Japan will follow a militaristic policy in China, Mongolia, Manchuria and Siberia. She certainly is following that policy now. It has cost her a good deal already. It has cost her the friendship of every American and every Englishman I met anywhere west of the Yellow Sea, and it has brought her the implacable hatred of all Chinese. Against my natural feelings and against my preconceptions, I was obliged finally to conclude that the military element in Japan is still clearly dominant; in other words, Japan is still more the Japan of Yamagata than it is the Japan of Shibusawa and Kanoke.

## The "Open Door" is Essential

"I am profoundly sympathetic with you and your people. You have a terrific problem. You must get raw materials. I do not think any fair-minded man in the United States or Great Britain objects to your getting all the raw materials you fairly can from China—which includes Mongolia and Manchuria—if you get them by the processes of exchange, followed by the United States and Great Britain. If, however, you undertake to do that by a process of assimilation such as you are pursuing in Korea, then there are bad days ahead for all.

"May I assure you that, contrary to what many papers in Japan say, contrary to what you have yourself said, this country is not encouraging China as against Japan; this country has no ambitions in the East outside of maintaining what is called the 'open door,' and having approximately an equal opportunity for trade; this country has no desire to see Japan fail; this country has profound sympathy for you in your struggle with the question of over-population. Public opinion, however, and of course you understand I am not speaking in any sense for the Government (because I have no connection with it), is to the effect that you have been harsh and cruel and unjust in Korea; that you have been inconsistent at least in Shantung; and in Siberia, you have been so unwise that even a friend may question what your real motives are."

In discussing the Japanese situation Mr. Kingsley makes one point of extraordinary interest. While Japan is, and must continue to be, the military, industrial and political leader in the Orient, she has failed to become the

moral leader. "Unless she creates a different status for herself, unless she wins moral as well as political and industrial leadership, she can not, notwithstanding her superiority, otherwise lead Asia. She can not achieve that splendid destiny which was possible when she answered Perry's call."

Although Japan is open to Western culture and has adopted many American and European ideas and methods, Mr. Kingsley does not believe that she will soon become democratic in the American sense. The militaristic cult is very powerful and a proud and resourceful race can not easily or in a few generations change the individuality to which it has clung for thousands of years. The Japanese are Oriental in spirit. They could not, if they would, change this essential character. Which means that they do not think as we do, although this by no means implies that they think less effectively.

It is clear that we must have a consistent national policy in our dealings with Japan. It will not do to leave the State of California to grapple alone with the problem of our Japanese relations. That problem is a matter for Federal action, and our Government at Washington must assume the responsibility. This seems to be what California desires and certainly it is what Japan not only wants but has every right to demand.

Mr. Kingsley believes that Japan will make almost any concession in the matter of emigration to this country in order to secure an agreement with our Federal Government which will not compromise her self-respect, and that, irrespective of whether her motives are sound or sinister, she has made a grave mistake in her adventure in Siberia.

## Japan Must Watch Her Militarists

While he understands and in a measure sympathizes with her reluctance in surrendering any part of the powerful position she has won in Shantung, he believes she has lost morally more than she now understands in her attitude toward that problem.

Although her leading citizens admit that she has made a grave mistake in Korea, she is making progress there now under the leadership of Governor-General Saito.

"I remain profoundly sympathetic to Japan, which faces one of the most complex problems conceivable, the sound solution of which involves not only her future but the peace of the world. I am not convinced that she is moved by unsound or unworthy motives. Her danger lies in her militarists. If she is led by them, as Germany was, she will fail disastrously, and in much the same manner that Germany failed. If she follows her Shibusawas and her Kanekos—and she had none too many of them, nor has any people—she will win morally and win finally.

"Meantime, it should be our part to help as we can a sorely burdened people, to be patient, to ascertain the truth and not be rushed by demagogues. I do not believe in any theories of assimilation, here or there; we shall start right if we frankly recognize the impossibility of that.

## There Undoubtedly is Danger

"The militarists and the yellow press of Japan—a press so yellow that it makes our yellows look like snowflakes—insist that we are a militaristic people; that we intend to annex Asia. Remember that there is no public opinion in Japan as we understand it, nor, as we understand it, a free press. The material for a conflagration exists there and is inflammable in spots.

"If we are to help Japan in the achievement of the high destiny to which we summoned her in 1853, if we are to utilize a proper share of the business opportunities that lie in the East, we must have a definite policy declared from Washington and adhered to. We must not, for example, adopt a dollar diplomacy today, abandon it tomorrow and try to re-establish it the day following.

"If we stand for the open door, we must stand for it, and at least be intelligent enough to know when that door has been slammed shut."

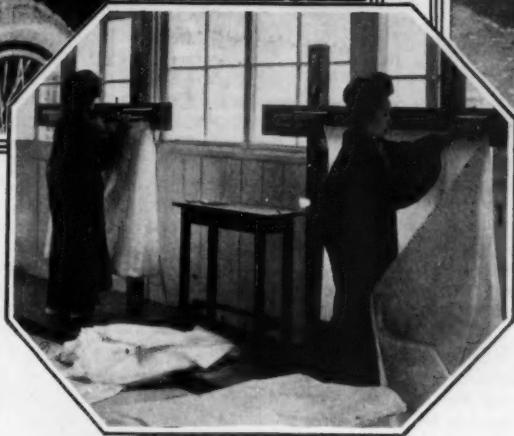
# A Japanese Variety Show

Silk, Baseball, Swimming,  
Hair, Locomotives, "Suffs"



## What Cares She?

Japan has a law which prohibits women from taking part in political meetings. That the world is moving at much the same pace all over may be judged from the fact that the lady waving the flag is not letting a little thing like law disturb her. She is the wife of a leader of the Japanese Suffragists.



## Japan's Chief Export

Every piece of silk exported from Japan is inspected—weighed, measured, tested—like this. Women do it, and find it a congenial job. Here is a Silk Conditioning House at Yokohama.

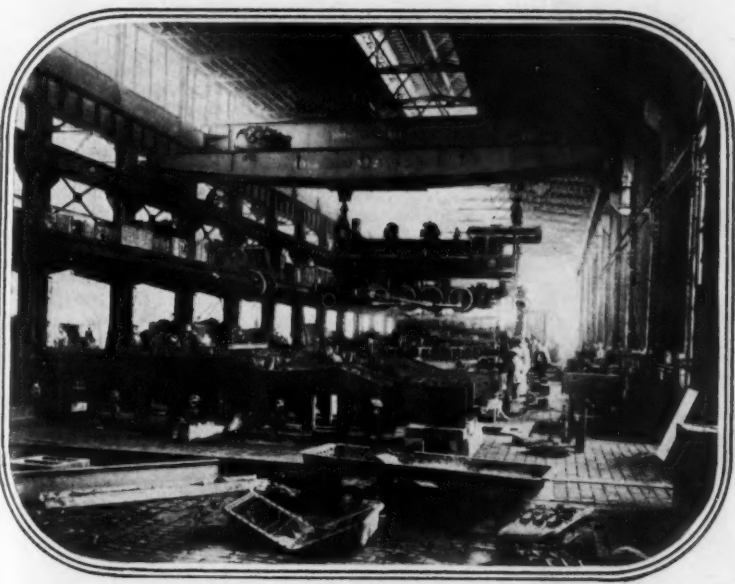


## It Is Anybody's Privilege

Japanese women have hair which is 100 per cent. quality and quantity. Why? Because they go hatless. In flu weather, they cover their mouths, but not their dainty little heads.

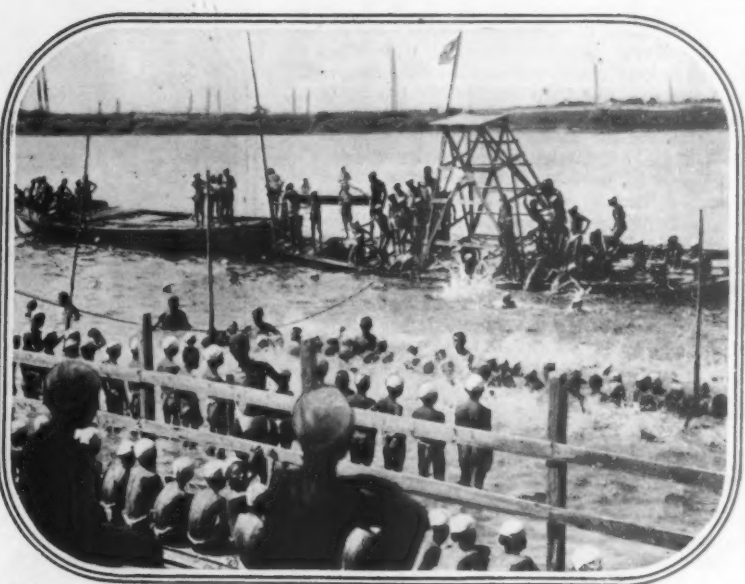
## Any Pop Bottles?

That stuff of Kipling's about "East is East and West is West"—you know how the rest of it goes—had better be soft-pedaled. Some of the West is East, at all events. Glimpse these Japanese baseball fans, at the field of Keiwo University, and judge for yourself. Calm, unemotional race, the imperturbable Japanese.



## Looks Sort of Homelike, This Shop Does

Japan has moved some since that day when Commodore Perry dropped in unexpectedly. This suggests Pennsylvania more than it does Manchuria, but it happens to be the latter place; a locomotive-construction shop, which the Japanese have built near Dairen.



## Public Operation of "Ole Swimmin'-Holes"

In this U. S. A. country, a picture of boys swimming is frequently synonymous with playing hookey. But in Japan, not so. There it is a brand of compulsory education in the public schools. This is a primary class in session at the city of Arakawa.

# A Couple of Specialists in Getting Things Done

## Mayor by Accident

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

**H**ENRY W. KIEL, a bricklayer in the city of St. Louis, so prospers at his trade that he becomes a contractor. As an avocation, he interests himself in ward politics; and by 1912 we find him a "machine" boss and Chairman of the Republican City Committee. In this capacity it devolves upon Mr. Kiel to corral a candidate to run for Mayor on the Republican ticket.

Ordinarily, this would not be a difficult task—in fact, the Chairman would be swamped with applications!—but in 1912 a Bull Moose revolt divides the Republican strength; and the Democrats foresee an easy victory. Every possible candidate approached by the Old Line Republican Chairman shies off. No one cares to be "sacrificed on the altar."

At last, losing patience, the boss declares that if he can't find anyone else to be the goat he'll run for Mayor himself. At a cost of \$100 to file (his entire campaign expense), Henry W. Kiel tosses his hat into the ring. Only one other Republican candidate dares to risk a like amount on the "long chance."

In the primaries Mr. Kiel easily wins the nomination; then a rather half-hearted campaign begins. Toward the close of it, however, the interest appears to quicken, so Mr. Kiel and the machine "whoop her up" in the last four or five days.

The first reports on the election returns indicate the expected Democratic triumph. A Republican newspaper on the morning after election day concedes victory to Mr. Kiel's opponent, and prints the supposed victor's picture on the front page.

Mr. Kiel, being a busy man and not over-optimistic, carries on longer for post-mortems. Having some bricks to lay in Dallas, Texas, he boards a train and heads southwards.

The following morning, in a Pullman car, just outside of Ft. Smith, Arkansas, Mr. Kiel awakes with an excited negro porter shaking him by the shoulder and displaying a telegram: "Mistah Kiel—beg youh pahdon, boss—Mistah Mayah—we've elected by a thousand majah'ity!"

Another telegram when the train arrives at Dallas. This message relates that Henry William Kiel is elected Mayor of St. Louis by a majority of 2,500. So Mr. Mayor heads back for St. Louis "to buy a plug hat and a Prince Albert and take the third degree. . . ."

This is the story, as related to LESLIE'S correspondent by the Mayor himself. "You see," Mr. Kiel comments, "I got to be Mayor more or less by accident. At first, I didn't know a thing about the job, and it took me a year to learn. All that while I had to ask a lot of advice from my friends. But now I can mostly see my own way. I've been at it seven years, for the town returned me for a second term by a margin of 25,000. Now I've got so I like the job and don't want to do anything else."

Even the most superficial of observers can see that the Mayor's genius for making friends has counted heavily in his success; and that he also has a genius *à la* Lloyd George, for the fine art of making compromises. For this very reason he appears to be the luckiest of possible accidents for St. Louis, for, whatever his demerits or weaknesses may be, this is the type of man to get things done in a city which in the past has suffered from no handicap so serious as that of factional discord. St. Louis, under the rule of this "accidental" mayor, has marvelously improved in team-work and morale.

Uncompromising idealists are bitter against Mr. Kiel, but the fact remains—he gets things done, takes half a loaf if he can't win the whole and every time gains something.

The visitor's first impression on meeting the Mayor was that here was a man who would make a formidable rival in a poker session—no one could guess his game. After a stay of five days much of the time with the Mayor as our personal conductor, we haven't yet "guessed his game." But on one point we have no doubts, for we're from Missouri and have been shown—St. Louis is getting things accomplished and the Mayor himself is ably abetting every operation. As a booster, he is easily the liveliest wire we happen to have met since leaving the Pacific Coast, where the game of boosting was invented and attains perfection.

But perhaps we feel this way because we got the Mayor's dander up. It so befell that Mr.

(Concluded on page 410)

## A Woman in Baseball

By EDWIN A. GOEWEY



Mrs. Nicholas knew Chris Von der Ahe when he used to bring home the day's baseball receipts in a wheelbarrow, guarded by a negro who spoke German.

**T**HERE is one woman who did not wait for Tennessee to give the final push to the nineteenth amendment to demonstrate that the female of the species can succeed at a job supposed to be among those held sacred to mere man only, and she is Mrs. Lilly Nicholas, of Washington, D. C., the only member of the fair sex holding the proud post of president of a baseball league.

Although Mrs. Nicholas comes from a family of ball players, played the game when a girl, is acquainted with many of the professional stars and knows the ins and outs of the national pastime from A to Z, not to overlook the fact that she can swim, dive, shoot, build a camp and do many other worth-while outdoor stunts, she does not look the part. Slightly below medium height, with gray hair and a motherly smile, she appears more like a woman who could concoct an all-compelling apple pie or knit the dandiest kind of a sweater, rather than a leader in athletics and a first-class all-around coach.

Mrs. Nicholas reached Washington from St. Louis in 1919 unheralded and unsung; but today she is known throughout the nation's Capital, and in the Northeast section, where she lives, usually is referred to as the "Little Mother of all the boys." And there is a reason. Backed solidly by the sports writers on the Washington newspapers, Police Captain Hartley, of the Northeast District, and many influential citizens, she has found a way to keep the Capital's small boys of her neighborhood out of mischief and the clutches of the "cops," afforded them means of becoming physically fit and, above all, given them the American boys' birthright, the opportunity to play baseball. For some time she has been president, director and coach of the Northeast Boys' Baseball League, of Washington, consisting of five clubs of boys from "midgets" to juveniles, with a total membership of more than sixty, a girls' team, of which her thirteen-year-old daughter, Katherine, is a member, and several swimming and hiking clubs of boys and girls. This fall she will organize a football league of youngsters.

Here's more of the story of the only woman baseball league president as she told it to me:

"I was born in a little whistling station town in Illinois, but, with my family, moved to St. Louis when I was a tot and lived there until my husband removed his business to Washington in 1919. In good, old St. Louis I resided out near the ball park, and as a girl learned to play the game with my brothers, Frank and Rob Lepping, who afterward became fine semi-pro players, Jimmy Burke, now manager of the Browns, and other boys who later won their stripes as professional performers.

I remember the late Chris Von der Ahe, the only man who ever owned a pennant-winning team in St. Louis, and used to watch him return home after the games, bringing the day's receipts in a wheelbarrow, accompanied by his bodyguard, a negro who spoke German.

"When I grew up I stopped playing ball, but continued an active fan, scored and remained in intimate touch with the game and kept myself athletically fit by hiking and swimming. Later I organized and managed boys' baseball clubs. Out in the Middle West, you know, we look after our boys better than you do here in the East, give them real playgrounds and strive to assist them to really enjoy their play years and to become good and healthy men later on.

"It was for this reason that I was shocked when I moved to Washington to find that the boys had no real playgrounds and that they were arrested without ceremony and punished if they indulged in baseball and other games which they craved in their only recreation places, the streets. There are some playgrounds, of course, where boys and girls can learn to string beads, make baskets, play checkers or take part in nice, polite games which will not soil their hands or make them perspire. Well, you can't make athletic men, bodily sound business or professional men, ball players or soldiers, if we should need them again, through a course of training in checkers and beads.

"Then I went to the front for the small boys of my neighborhood, and with the help of Captain Hartley, of our police district, got permission for the little fellows to play baseball on the playgrounds, provided they operated with a soft ball, the kind used in the indoor games, organized my

(Concluded on page 410)



Henry W. Kiel, "accidental" mayor, under whose rule St. Louis has improved marvelously in team-work and morale.

# Landing the Whale And Reducing Him To Lowest Terms



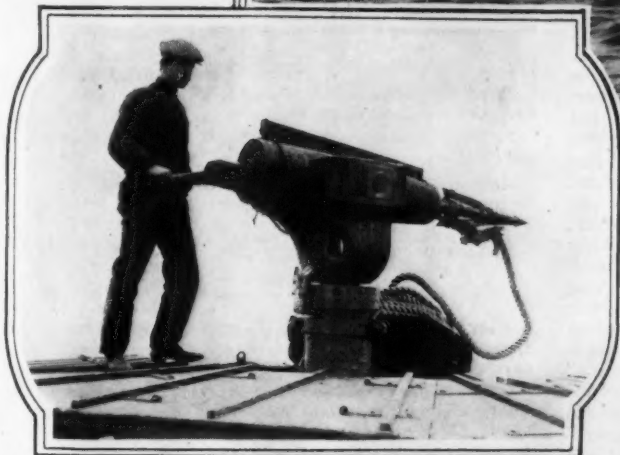
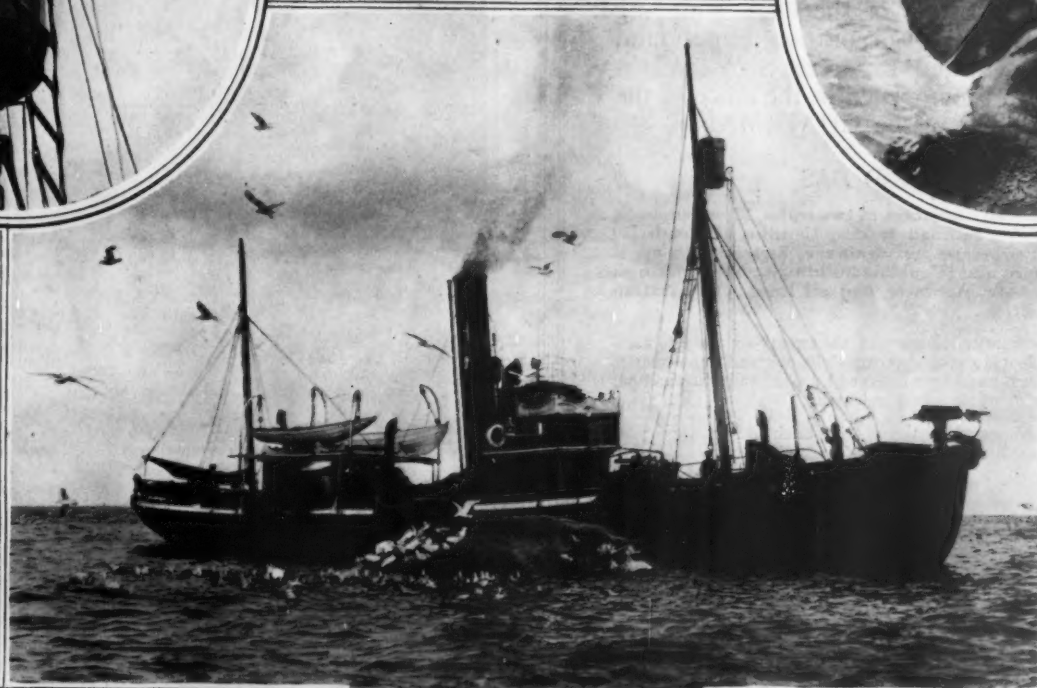
**The Front Office  
of a Whaler**

The advance picket line in the war on whales is a vertical line—the foremast. The look-out's nest has a northern exposure (also the three others) and more motion than usually falls to the lot of an observation car. It is no place for a landsman.



**A Little Lesson  
From Experience**

Time is money in the whale business, the same as in any other. That is why this 68-foot prize must lose its tail. With the tail where nature put it, the whale revolves in the water, like a gigantic spoon-hook, and retards towing. Trim the tail, and towing is easier.



**Harpoon Gun and Gunner**

The harpooner is "skilled labor." Muscle is not the essential it was in the days of hand-harpooning, but an allowance of it still helps.

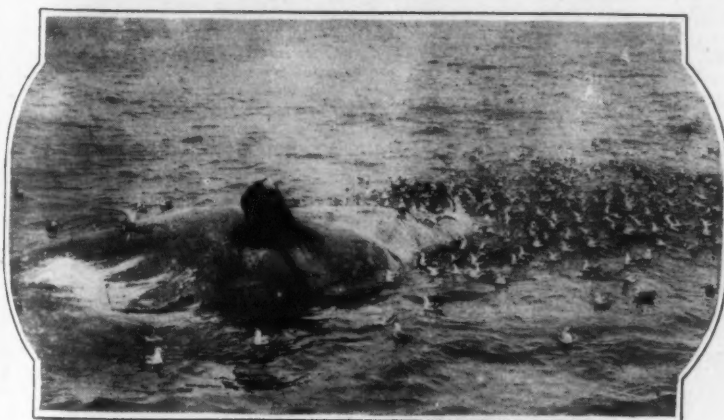
**The Whaler Herself**

Vastly different she is from the old-timers, the square-riggers that used to put out, under sail, from New Bedford or Sag Harbor. In sharp silhouette is the harpoon-gun in her bow; what business experts would call "the point of contact." There is a late, though not lamented, sperm whale alongside, 65 feet over-all and attended by the inevitable escort of seabirds, close-ups of which are shown elsewhere on the page.



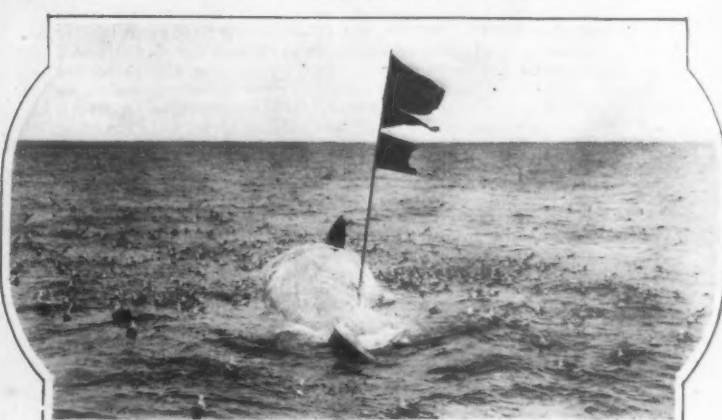
**Just Turning to Dive**

Whales have to be "played" the same as trout. The big fellow is hooked, and the crew of the whaler are getting ready to pay out the line.



**A Deep-Sea Table D'Hote**

Whenever whaling is brisk, whole colonies of petrel follow the ships and live on the fat of the sea. Oily tidbits they select from a bountifully-spread table.



**When the Game Gets Swift**

Prize No. 2 was sighted while Prize No. 1 was being towed. Off with the old love and on with the new, but raise a flag on Mr. Whale the first, to mark his location.

United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation

## Hog Island Ship Yard For Sale

The Yard Is Near Philadelphia, Pa.

Sealed bids will be received up to October 30, 1920, 10 A. M., in offices of the U. S. Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, Supply and Sales Division, Sixth and B Streets S. W., Washington, D. C., and then opened in the office of the Board in the presence of the CHAIRMAN.

### HOG ISLAND HAS

an area of 946 acres, water frontage of two miles, 27 warehouses, approximately 86 miles railroad tracks, 21 miles of Roads, 50 Shipbuilding ways, sewerage and drainage, 7 steamship piers, administration, record and telephone buildings, shop buildings, power, air, electric, steam, water and oil lines, classification yards and fire protection.

The four-story concrete warehouse and the twenty-six wooden warehouses have a total floor area of approximately one and three-quarter million square feet. Each warehouse is served by a railroad track and has a platform adjoining a street for its entire length.

The wooden warehouses are equipped with brick fire walls every 80 feet and fire protection.

The 86 miles of railroad tracks serve the 146 acres of Material Storage Yards, designed for the storage of any material that can be left in the open. The seven outfitting piers are one thousand (1000) feet long each and one hundred (100) feet wide. Each pier carries four railroad tracks of standard gauge with the necessary cross-overs in addition to two Gantry crane tracks.

Each of the piers is equipped with four self-propelling Gantry cranes with sufficient clearance to permit the operation of standard locomotives and cars. In addition each pier is equipped with two locomotive cranes, and Pier II with a bridge crane, span of 118 feet and lifting capacity of 100 tons. Between piers there is 266 feet of clear water space, which permits the docking of four ships in each slip.

Each pier is provided with high pressure water mains, fuel, oil, electric and compressed air lines.

The storage yards are wired for electric light and piped for water and air.

There are 50 ways—40 wood, 10 concrete—each equipped with fixed stiff-leg derricks. Hog Island also has 10 electrically equipped pumping stations, 75 miles overhead wiring, over 75 miles underground cables, 45 miles fibre duct laid in concrete. Filtration plant, sewage disposal plant, which, with the other appliances, facilities and equipment, undoubtedly provides it with the fundamentals for a modern equipped terminal and storage yard.

Detailed inventory, blueprints, photographs and other data have been filed in the office of the Director of the Supply and Sales Division, 6th and B Streets S. W., Washington, D. C., and may be seen by prospective bidders during business hours. Permits for inspection of the yard may be obtained on application.

Bids must be submitted in duplicate on standard proposal forms, made in the manner designated therein and inclosed in sealed envelope marked "Proposal No. 2007, not to be opened until October 30, 1920."

Proposal forms may be had at any of the sales or district sales offices. Bids must be accompanied by certified check, made payable to the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation for \$1,000,000.

This amount will be applied upon the purchase price to be paid by the successful bidder, but in the event that such bidder fails to consummate the contract of purchase the deposit will be forfeited to the corporation. The balance of the purchase price is to be paid within a reasonable period, not exceeding in any case five years from date of sale. Bidders must be American or American controlled. Preference will be given bids covering short period of payment, other things being equal. Possession of the property will be given upon completion of the present ship construction program, about February 1, 1921.

Title to the property will remain in the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation until full purchase price has been paid.

The Corporation reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

**United States Shipping Board  
Emergency Fleet Corporation**

**W. S. BENSON, President.**

## Motor Department

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.



The periscope is not always used in the trenches, although the above might not necessarily be called a peaceful application of its merits. A traffic officer is using it without danger of observation himself, so that he can determine the time, by means of a stop watch, when an on-coming vehicle enters the tunnel and passes into the shadow. The length of the tunnel is known and the time that it should require to traverse it at legal speed has already been determined. Consequently, the waiting motorcycle officers can be assured of their prey, even before he passes them.

### DON'T BUY A MAKESHIFT TRUCK

**W**E do not pretend to pose as industrial or commercial prophets, but we do predict that the future will find many second-hand passenger-cars on the market which, with a delivery body attached, will be offered as trucks. This is very often the fate of many cars which are incapable of serving as "pleasure" cars after a varied and stormy career in the hands of a number of users.

But do not be tempted by this seeming bargain in the truck-producing field. No matter how excellent a name one of these vehicles may possess, it was not originally constructed for truck purposes, and no paint or body changes could render it mechanically suitable for the transportation of heavy loads.

We must remember that the passenger-car has been designed to carry human freight at comparatively high speeds with the utmost of comfort. A truck, on the other hand, is not intended to travel at high speed, but it will carry heavy or bulky

#### DO YOU KNOW?

1. Why two spark plugs on each cylinder are used in racing cars?
2. Why some motorists burn their lights in the daytime?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next Motor Department.

#### ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. Why is the worm gear used on trucks but not on many passenger-cars?

Trucks are designed to carry heavy loads on comparatively slow speed. This means a low gear ratio, or one in which from eight to fourteen revolutions of the engine are required to make one turn of the rear wheel. The ordinary touring car requires but four or five turns of the engine to produce one revolution of the rear wheels.

The worm gear represents low-gear reduction cost of the application of the screw principle in which a low gear can be obtained without the use of a large master gear and small pinions. Gear reductions, such as are satisfactory as a worm gear, would not prove suitable for passenger-cars.

2. What is the difference between a full-floating and semi-floating rear axle?

The full-floating rear axle transmits only the power to the rear wheel. Most of the load is carried upon it. The full-floating rear axle may be removed without dismounting the rear wheels.

The semi-floating axle carries a portion of the load in addition to its work as a power transmitter. The wheels are mounted and must be removed before the axle can be withdrawn.

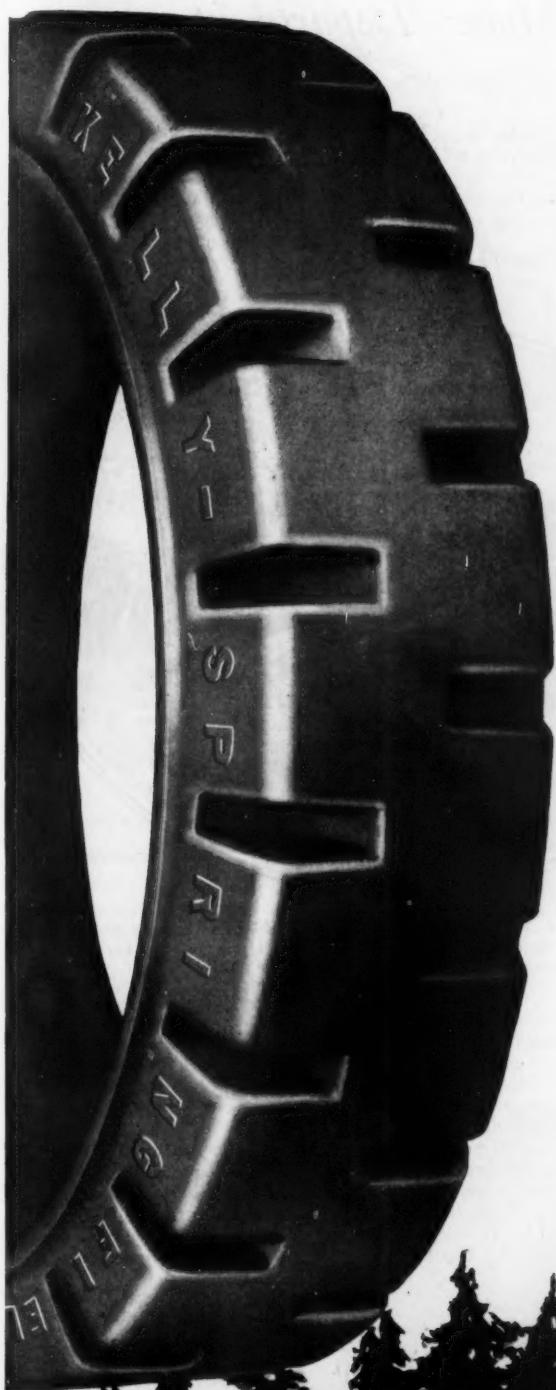
loads as comfortably as their nature requires. Vehicles intended to carry light loads at high speeds with maximum of comfort cannot be expected to withstand heavy loads, no matter how slowly they may be carried.

In the power plant, also, the truck differs greatly from the passenger-car. The two types of vehicles may be provided with engines developing the same power, but in the case of the passenger-car, this power is so applied that the vehicle is most efficient at from twenty to thirty miles an hour.

If the rear axle gear in the passenger-car is changed to render the engine capable of carrying heavy loads at slow speeds, cooling difficulties may be encountered, for every designer of a power plant keeps accurately in mind the detailed purposes for which each unit will be used.

The same features of design extend to the frame, the rear axle, the transmission, the clutch and other vital parts of the car or truck. We

(Concluded on 400)



"One thing we like about your Caterpillar tires," writes a big contractor, "is the traction our trucks are able to get with them. Only under the most exceptional conditions do we have to use chains. No matter how heavy the load, our trucks never have any difficulty in climbing out of excavations, and we find that the Caterpillar equipment means a substantial saving in gasoline consumption."

The Caterpillar's amazing traction qualities seem to be the feature most frequently com-

mented upon by truck owners, but it has two other equally important advantages.

It cushions the truck, and it gives double the average mileage of any other type of tire.

More resilient than a solid tire, more dependable than a big pneumatic, and giving greater mileage than either, it is not surprising that the Kelly Caterpillar has become almost exclusive equipment on some of the largest fleets of trucks in America.

## Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT

1710 Broadway, : : New York



# Motor Department

(Concluded from page 398)

cannot any more expect a passenger-car to serve as an economical and efficient truck, than we can expect a hundred-yard-dash athlete to compete successfully in the weight and hammer throwing events of an Olympic contest.

But many of the passenger-car manu-

Of course the transportation of goods which do not total in weight more than the average five or seven-passenger load in the ordinary touring car can be carried at comparatively high speed in bodies especially designed for the purpose, mounted on a passenger-car chassis.



The new army mobile gun carriage is of the combination creeper and wheel type. The tracks may be removed when traveling on hard surfaces, and a higher speed is thus made possible.

facturers also produce trucks, you will say, and you may intimate that the same parts enter into the construction of each. This may be true to a certain extent, but there will be certain hidden changes in detailed design which will make one engine suitable for commercial purposes and the other for the transportation of passengers. The speed at which the fan may be driven, the arrangement of the oiling systems and other details may be changed to render each engine suitable for the work for which it was intended.

These, however, are not trucks in the ordinary understanding of the term, but are usually called delivery cars and are rated at from 1/4- to 3/4-ton capacity. It is in sizes above one ton that we can only expect a real truck to do a truck's work and cannot hope for any efficiency to be obtained from a passenger-car that has seen better days, and that is overloaded in its old age with a heavy body and load that can only serve to render spring breakage almost certain and uncomfortable frame sagging an assured thing.

## The Ordinary Citizen

The "Ordinary Citizen," he goes his daily round,  
The same if Fortune bright has smiled, the same if she has frowned;  
He does his daily duties, tri-daily takes his feed,  
He makes few speeches, and he's slow to voice his life's fine creed.  
But track this numerous O. C., if you have time to spare,  
To "cosy flat," or "fire trap," or a "com-muler's" lair,  
And (quite invisible, of course, by means of magic spell)  
Learn these few facts about him, and, I prithee, learn them well:  
The "Ordinary Citizen" is making, every day  
A sacrifice for some one—and it isn't done for pay;  
He dreads the day when "slowing down" may lay him on the shelf;  
Dreads for himself? No, those he loves much better than himself.  
He wears a threadbare overcoat, his shoes are often jokes,  
That those he loves may have a home "as good as other folks";

He eats at quick lunch counters, which his inmost spirit loathes,  
That so his "folks" may not have need to blush about their clothes.  
He works at over-time, to fill the music lesson box;  
To save for a piano he serenely takes hard knocks,  
He pinches here, and lops off there, because a little lad  
"Must have a better chance in life than father ever had!"  
And when there's ever danger, be it thug, or thief, or war,  
That's when the O. C.'s right on hand, inquiring "What for?"  
And then, should love or honor ask that last great gift, his life,  
Be sure he'll give it, without fuss, for Country, child or wife!  
Oh, the "Ordinary Citizen" is not a Socrates,  
He's not a Julius Caesar, nor a sage Demos-thenes,  
But when the thing is up to him, he'll meet it, fair and straight—  
'Tis the "Ordinary Citizen" who's made our Country great!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

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**ARROW**  
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The right little collar  
for the tight little knot  
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Omaha is the market city of the richest-per-capita large territory in the world  
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No. 164—For Those Seeking Investments.  
No. 165—For Those Seeking Positions.  
No. 166—Farming Opportunities.  
No. 167—For School Children and Teachers.  
No. 168—Information for Tourists.  
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Snap this bargain up right now before it is too late. Only limited quantity. Amazing underwear bargain. Greatest offer ever made. **Two Guaranteed \$4 Each, Wool Unionsuits \$5.75.**  
**Save big money on your underwear.** Send postcard or letter today—this very minute, for these 2 beautiful perfect fitting heavy weight gray elastic rib unionsuits. Full cut. Seams reinforced and overcast. **Send No Money**—pay only \$5.75 on arrival, no more; we pay delivery charges.  
**We Guarantee to refund your money** if you can match these 2 wonderful wool unionsuits for \$8.00. Order this amazing bargain this minute before it is too late. Just give name, address and breast measure.  
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Is what you need to endure the "Mile a Minute Life" of today, with its worry, grief, strife, business pressure and thousands of other Nerve Strains.  
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The valuable 64 page book explains every possible phase of nerve abuse and teaches how to calm, soothe and care for the nerves. It contains hundreds of health hints especially valuable to people with high-strung nerves.  
The Cost **25c** (Coin or Stamps) **Bound in Cloth 50c**  
If after reading this book you do not agree that it will mark the turning point in your life toward GREATER POWER, Mental as well as Physical, your money will be refunded without question, plus your outlay for postage.  
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# Columbia Grafonola

*They all make records  
exclusively for Columbia*

There's an all-star bill appearing every night on the biggest circuit in the world.

Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Van and Schenck, Harry Fox, Bert Williams, and Ted Lewis' Jazz Band are the headliners on this bill.

The audiences they entertain number millions every night—a vast and growing army of Columbia Record fans.

Stop at some Columbia dealer's. Buy the latest numbers of these song-loving and laughter-provoking Columbia stars. Join the happy family of Columbia fans. Enjoy an all-star bill each night at home.

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Canadian Factory: Toronto



**The Only Non Set  
Automatic Stop**

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.



Standard Models up to \$300  
Period Designs up to \$2100



## Love on the Mexican Border

Sweetly she smiled into the eyes of both, kisses she took from both—the ruddy American and the dark-skinned Mexican. And in the strong arms of the man from the North, was it any wonder that, for the moment, she forgot that Pedro would soon be there. Her punishment? Men of the North laugh coldly and pass on. But the Southern brother below the Rio Grande loves, as he hates, with a singleness that knows no mercy. On this erring woman, going so gayly to her fate, O. Henry could look with excuse and pity, as he did on the weaknesses of women always, everywhere, for he knew their small shoulders bear burdens that would break the backs of men.

## O. HENRY

And as fascinating as this, so are all his two hundred and seventy-four stories. Each and every story in the set of books is new and different—each with a new beginning—a new plot—a new ending—and so human—so full of fun—of pathos—of laughter—of tears.

More people are reading O. Henry today than ever before. They read him because he has the flavor of life as we know it—the tang, the zest, the breathless, careless haste, the ironic, happy, tragic irresponsibility, which go to make up life as it is really lived.

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Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, bound in silk cloth, with gold tops. Also the 7 volume set of Conan Doyle's "SHERLOCK HOLMES" STORIES, bound in cloth. If I keep the books I will remit \$1.50 in 5 days, and then \$2.00 a month for 14 months for the O. Henry set only, and keep the 7 volumes of Sherlock Holmes FREE. Otherwise I will, within 10 days, return both sets at your expense.

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Occupation.....

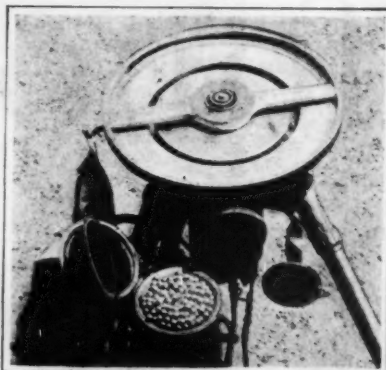
The more sumptuous three-quarter Keratol binding of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite. For a set of this more luxurious binding, change the terms to \$2.00 in 5 days, and then \$3.00 a month for 12 months.

## Odd Facts in the World of Science

Edited by HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

### A Noiseless Machine Gun that Fires 2,000 Shots a Minute

THE story of how David slew Goliath with a sling-and-stone is recalled by the latest type of rapid-fire gun,

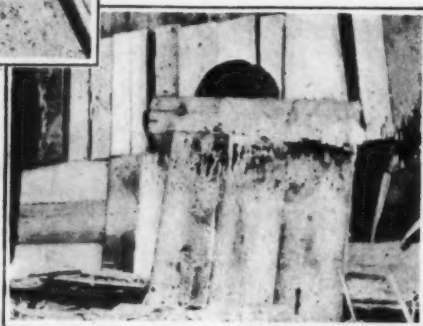


1. A new machine gun, operated without powder or explosives, which fires 2,000 shots a minute, by centrifugal force.

firing 2,000 balls a minute, which is operated on the general principle of a sling. There is no noise, no smoke, no flash—just a steady stream of noiseless death; and, with a squad of four men it would be possible to wipe out an army corps. This newest device is the invention of Major Edward T. Moore, of the New Jersey National Guard, and an attorney with offices in New York City. He claims to have solved successfully the problem of the use of centrifugal force, instead of explosives—that is, the rapid outward-sweeping force, when a body is revolved rapidly. Figure 1 shows us a close-up of the gun, which shows the shaft that rotates at the rate of 10,000 revolutions a minute—so rapidly, in fact, that it does not appear to revolve at all! The wheel is driven by an electric motor. The bullets are fed into the machine gun and are thrown outward towards the tar-

### Is There a Paper Shortage?

THE paper shortage is one of the most pressing and acute that the world has ever known, and threatens the temporary suspension of hundreds of periodicals and newspapers daily. Various answers have been given as to just where the blame lies—but certain it is that publishers of all kinds have never been so put to it as they are today, to insure the continuance of their publications. Paper is made largely from wood pulp, and the accompanying photograph shows us a huge pile of wood pulp, belonging to a paper plant located at Three Rivers, Quebec, Canada. It certainly looks like a slag heap, but is far more precious! It is earnestly



2. What the gun did to a target forty seconds after it went into action.

to be desired that every bit of wood pulp will be scrupulously preserved in the future.

Paper is made chiefly of pine and hemlock woods, and it has been said that nearly 50% of these pass into paper-making machines. Owing to tariff and other conditions, it is necessary to make paper with qualities quite different from those which obtained in the past. Thus, a paper is now desired having a higher finish on a lighter weight and for a less cost; this is yet more or less an unsolved problem. Until lately, the wood refuse from sawmills, cornstalks, waste-paper; indeed all kinds of cellulose refuse thus



A huge pile of wood pulp, from which paper is to be made.

get with terrific force, as the wheel revolves. Figure 2 shows us a target forty seconds after the gun was in action. It gives us a fair idea of the destructive power of the gun, as the target is nearly ripped to pieces a few seconds after firing. The deadly effect of several thousand guns of this character in war can well be imagined! Restrictions placed upon the inventor by the Government, during the late war, not to reveal any details connected with his invention, have just been lifted by the War Department. It is known as the New Centrifugal Gun.

convertible—were allowed to pass heedlessly down the drains. Now, however, they are being preserved with ever-increasing care. The husks of cocoanuts also have valuable paper-making qualities. Fibre is the basis of all paper, and it is the object of paper-making to eliminate the glutinous, resinous, siliceous and other intercellular matters and to produce the fibre as strong as possible. Paper is used chiefly for (1) writing and drawing; (2) printing and newspapers; (3) wrapping papers; (4) tissue and cigarette papers. (Concluded on page 404)



## Infection

would have been prevented if Absorbine, Jr. had been applied when this "little accident" happened.

It cools and soothes, takes out the pain and soreness and helps the injured tissues to heal. And being a positive germicide it makes any infection quite impossible.

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THERE are a lot of folks in these United States who will sympathize with this cunning youngster's desire for a drink.

This dimpled infant reminding Mamma that it's bottle time expresses an emotion not uncommon in these days.

It would be hard to resist the appeal of this picture, one of the many noted covers that have appeared on JUDGE, "The Happy Medium."

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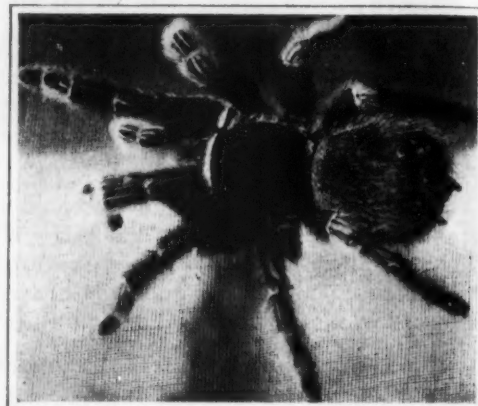
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## Odd Facts in the World of Science

(Concluded from page 402)

### A Spider that Kills Birds

ONE of the latest additions to the New York Zoo is a huge spider, coming from Eastern Bolivia, South America, which kills birds! Its name is "Avicularia." When stationary, with its eight legs covered like its body with bristles that irritate the human skin like a nettle, it occupies a circumferential area equal to that of the closed fist. Living in burrows or hollow trees during the day, he sallies forth by night to prey upon insects or young birds, taking the latter from their nests. He possesses hollow teeth which distill a poison into a wound in a manner analogous to that of snake-poison. This lethal fluid is so active that it kills in an instant creatures of far greater size than itself. Spiders as a rule are beneficial rather than the reverse, since they eat insects which would otherwise be destructive to crops and life. Several of the larger spiders are poisonous in their bite.

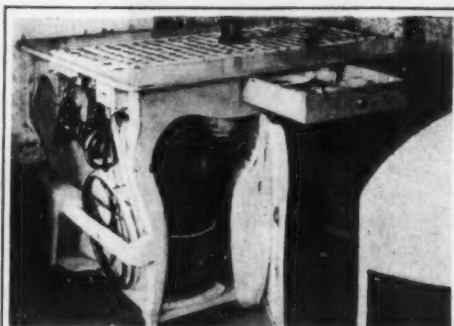
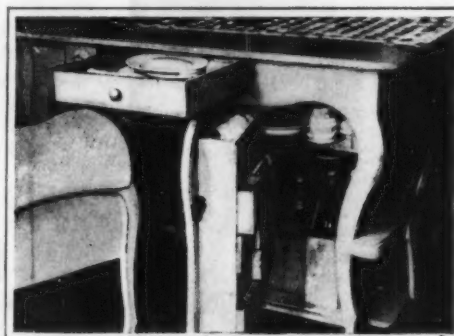


A huge spider whose bite is sure death to birds. A late addition to the wonderful New York Zoo.

### Everything for the House in One Trunk!

A SMALL trunk, measuring 49 x 54 x 33 inches, can be made to contain everything for a whole family, according to M. Louvet, a young French inventor, who at least has succeeded in building a trunk of this description for himself. M. Louvet

3. A child's cot, with spring, mattress and bed linen.
4. A table 49 by 30 inches.
5. A sideboard and dishes for three people.
6. A pedal sewing machine.
7. A linen closet, containing all the linen necessary for a household and a child.
8. A chaise longue.
9. Two chairs for adults.
10. A child's chair.
11. A folding stool for adult.
12. A folding stool for child.
13. A children's bench.
14. Piece of furniture serving as desk and dressing table.
15. A revolving stool with a shaving-glass attached.
16. Ladies' chevalier mirror.
17. Ladies' sewing-table with all accessories.
18. A carpenter's and metal-worker's tool-box.
19. A stove for heating.
20. A clothes-washing outfit with large tub that can hold as much as 130 quarts of water, and all accessories for a home, such as lamp, pictures, clothes-hangers, etc.



Kitchen, bedroom, dining-room and bath, all in one trunk—everything for a little family, in fact! Invented by M. Louvet, of France.

is but 25 years old, so we may hope that at 50 he will be enabled to pack the whole house in the trunk! The accompanying illustrations show us the method of packing this remarkable trunk, which contains, among other things:

1. A bed for two people.
2. Metal bed spring, mattress and necessary sheets, etc.

water—into the already "full" glass. And doubtless you could charge air or gas into the glass, after all this; and finally the all-pervading ether pervades the whole, penetrating every part of the glass and its contents. Thus, in a certain sense, it is possible for "two solid objects to occupy the same space at the same time!"

**Prophy-lactic**  
Tooth Brush  
Used every day—note how your smile improves

# As We Were Saying

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

## CONTEMPORARY HUMOR

On Monday, I read that clothes would be cheap;  
That prices were certain to fall.  
On Tuesday, I read—the words made me weep—  
There'd be no reduction at all.  
On Wednesday, I read that clothing would slump,  
But cloth would go higher by far.  
On Thursday, I read that neither would jump,  
But both would remain where they are.  
On Friday, I read I should buy right away,  
An act I should never repent;  
But Saturday counseled a fortnight's delay,  
And a saving of thirty per cent.  
And so, to make the week complete,  
I read the Sunday "funny sheet."

A missionary, just returned from the Belgian Congo, thus describes a newly discovered tribe of pygmies: "Although they are completely uncivilized, they will neither lie nor steal, and will marry only one wife." Right here is where we quit worrying about the future of civilization.

## ANTICIPATING THE EXPRESSMAN

Expressmen have a way of calling attention to themselves. This year a group of them went on strike just at the time when the transfer business was heaviest; namely, around Labor Day. It was a simple stratagem, elementary but effective. In the course of a few years, successive strikes by

expressmen will revolutionize completely present-day methods of "going away for the summer." Likewise, of coming back.

Time was when you packed your trunk and the expressman came and got it. That was his job. Now, in most instances, he declines to climb stairs for it; the first floor being his dead-line. Next year, more than likely, he will ultimatum that even this is too much exertion; so it will be up to you to pack your trunk in the front courtyard, if you have one; or on the sidewalk (handy to the curb) if you have not.

To be sure, we shall all make the best of it: Americans are adept at that. Having telephoned the express-office and learned at about what hour the wagon is likely to call, we shall be merry over our sidewalk packing; exchanging quip and jest with passers-by as our wardrobe airs temporarily from fence or stone coping. Indeed, with a tasteful mingling of colors, we may make something of a fiesta of it; or a veritable sidewalk bazaar of the Orient. Should it rain upon packing day, the difficulties will not be insurmountable. We shall but hire a carpet and canopy such as are used at weddings, and letting down the canvas sides, shall pack and be as dry as salt cod-fish, even in a downpour.

In the event of the wagon's arrival before the packing is quite finished, the shelter of the canopy will be just the place to offer the expressman a buffet luncheon, thus disarming his wrath. And his tip may be slipped him there, too, in a sealed envelope, similarly as the minister gets his at a wedding ceremony.

Just put this down on your desk pad for 1921.

## False Alarms

(Continued from page 393)

this Professor Whoosis' face as flat as a pancake."

"Just listen to the likes of him," urged Nora Darcy.

"The name of Maddigan will become famous the world over and Minnie will roll in wealth with limousines under her morning, noon and night," the captain was declaiming. "This professor over in the village knows his business and her first production is coming on fine."

"What's goin' to be the name of the pickchuh?" asked Veronica, chewing fiercely on her gum and staring at Minnie's make-up with envy.

"The Faithless Bride of the Don Cossack," he announced with a sweep of the hand. "It ain't entirely original but there's a lot about Roosians in th' papers and we gotta keep up to date. When I was a young man there used to be a play called Mazeppa, where the lover is tied on a wild Arabian steed and left to his fate. All we got to do is to turn it around so it's the young woman, the beautiful but faithless vamp bride of the hetman what is tied to the horse and sent off to perish while the beast gallops around consorting with the other untamed steeds of the barren wastes."

"She'll git her neck broke," groaned Jimmy with an awful yawn.

"I'd suffer any torment for my Art," Minnie sighed, staring into the fire and registering martyrdom. "I would lay me on the rack and have my limbs pulled out an inch if my director wanted me to put agony across."

"But don't you worry about that, Jimmy Darcy," her father said. "I believe in Art, of course, but Minnie is the only child I got, and I'll see that she's tied on tight so she can't slip under the nag. And,

besides, we're going to use old Babe, our retired pole horse, and Babe's known Min since Min was a two-year-old."

"Will she wear any clothes in this scene?" asked Mrs. Darcy, timidly.

"Skip tights," answered Captain Maddigan.

"God pity us!" gasped his wife.

"Oh, there'll be a nightie or something over 'em," he added.

"Gee, but it'll be cold this time of year," exclaimed Esther.

"A true artist is impervious to hardship," sighed Minnie. "And the fervor of my lover, when he rescues me, will warm me, I guess."

"Who plays the lover?" demanded her two girl friends.

"Beveridge Farnham," she replied impressively.

"Oo!" Veronica and Esther were speechless.

"He's been especially engaged for my first picture," she informed them. "He is among the greatest of living screen artists and is handsome as a Greek god."

"A Greek cheese," muttered Jimmy.

"The fat-face false alarm." He could stand no more of it and signalled his mother to get ready to depart. "Put on your old bonnet, old lady," he bade her so that the entire company could hear. "I guess we'll trot back to our little flat before either of us common mutts say anything to offend Minnie's art. And I guess we better sneak out the kitchen way."

"Jimmy," pleaded Mrs. Maddigan. "Don't go away mad."

"And, say, Jimmy," called the captain; "I'm sorry you're on duty tomorrow afternoon. We're going to shoot the wild ride if the sun is shining, twelve o'clock sharp."



**\$5 a day**  
To feed a man on chicken  
**20c a day**  
Feeds him on Quaker Oats

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit. The average indoor man needs 3,000 calories daily.

In chicken those 3,000 calories would cost about \$5. In chops or eggs about \$1.80. In Quaker Oats they cost but 20 cents.

Think of that difference, then remember that oats are the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food. As a body-builder and a vim-food it has for ages held a unique place.

If Quaker Oats cost ten times other foods you could not afford to omit it. But the other foods cost ten times Quaker Oats.

### Price per serving



Note the cost per serving. These other servings cost 8 to 14 times a dish of Quaker Oats. And no meat dish compares with oats in balance and nutrition. Start the day on Quaker Oats. It may save 90% on the breakfast. It is rich in elements which everybody needs.

### Cost per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats	6 1/2c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	60c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

Based on prices at this writing, other necessary foods cost about as follows, measured by calory value.

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This exquisite flavor has made Quaker Oats the leading brand all the world over. Millions send over seas to get it. You can get it for the asking, without extra price.

**Quaker Oats**  
Extra-Flavory Flakes

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

## He Rode to Washington on Horseback to Patent the First Fairbanks Scale

Thaddeus Fairbanks, inventor of the platform scale, rode to Washington on horseback from St. Johnsbury, Vt., to obtain his first patent. This was in 1831.

Since that date, Fairbanks Scales have been made in the factory he founded. Always accurate, dependable, honest—these famous scales today are fitting examples of the leadership which they have from the first enjoyed. No other manufacturer has reflected in his product so great a degree of conscientious striving for perfection and so modern a conception of present day precision methods.

The dominance of Fairbanks Scales in industry is universal. They are to be found everywhere that civilization has penetrated. Today more than seventy-five per cent of the world's commerce is weighed on Fairbanks Scales.



MRS. MADDIGAN remained in horrified seclusion in the kitchen of her flat, her scalding tears bearing witness to her shame at the thought of her Minnie displaying herself in skin tights, strapped to the back of good old Babe, a decent, respectable, loving old fire horse, white as snow and gentle as a lamb, but brought at last, like his master, to the disgrace of pitiless publicity and tomfoolery.

Over in Greenwich Village, in the backyard of the "Bullshevik," Babe gazed mildly about him at the strangely costumed players, recognized his old captain, strutting bravely about, and awaited developments with an easy mind. His mountainous white body was unmarred by even a halter strap. His pendulous under lip seemed curled in a smile of content, for the noonday was glorious with sunshine and he had been kept in a stall for over a month on account of the growing infirmities of age. In the center of the yard Kolodensky had installed a treadmill for the wild ride and on it lay a leather jacket and strap with which Minnie was to be held securely to Babe's glossy back. Beveridge Farnham, in a Cossack costume, a hat shaped like an inverted water bucket above his flaxen wig, stood ready for the rescue.

Every crack and knot-hole in the fence was engaged and occupied, for Minnie's chums down at the Canal Street box factory had sacrificed their lunch hour to witness her debut.

"Get set!" shouted the professor. The camera man was ready. Minnie, covered with a bathrobe, stepped from the shanty into the dazzling sunshine. The captain fastened the leather jacket about her. The bathrobe fell to the ground and through the gauze drapery could be seen the gentle lines of her young body, so filled with girlish beauty that they defied evil to come to the mind of any man.

"Up we go!" In a few moments she lay face upward on Babe's back, strapped securely against the snowiness of the patient brute.

"ARE you ready?" yelled the "Bullshevik." Captain Maddigan was leading Babe by the forelock to the treadmill when there sounded in the distance the wailing of a siren and the clamor of a fire-bell. Nearer and nearer came the howling, clanging warning for traffic to clear the way. Captain Maddigan jumped for the gate and flung it open. A fireman was outside waving his arms to the oncoming apparatus. Babe looked over his shoulder and saw him. His huge body shimmied from hock to cropped mane and his big, kindly eyes rolled in a frenzy of delight. For three long years he had been relegated to the trucking business, his brave heart killed by kindness, the joy of answering a fire call through the beloved streets of New York denied him.

"Hey! Quit it, Babe!" yelled Minnie, frightened and helpless. The tremors under her became more violent. "Hey, Dad! Somebody! Hold him!" Beveridge Farnham tried to get a grip on his sleek neck, but Babe knocked him aside with his jaw.

Number Twenty-four, with Jimmy Darcy at the wheel, slowed up long enough for Captain Maddigan to swing aboard, shouting "Canal Street!" and was off again at full speed. It was too much for Babe. He reared on his hind legs, wheeled and plunged after his old company, his great iron-rimmed hoofs adding to the din.

"Stop him! Stop him!" yelled Minnie, her gauze garment wildly flailing.

"Stop him!" yelled men, women and children from window and sidewalk. "It's Maddigan's daughter!" came occasionally from some woman who recognized the Faithless Bride of the Don Cossack.

Down Seventh Avenue to Canal, taking the corner on the bias, as Jimmy always did, went Number Twenty-four, the movie queen violently seasick but still able to shriek for help. Captain Maddigan, di-



"War Babies"

THIS amusing picture, in full colors, 9x12, mounted on a heavy mat, ready for the frame, will be sent postpaid for 25 Cents  
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225 Fifth Avenue New York City

### No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice", sent free to you.

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recting Jimmy, laid a course for Hudson Street and then north to Morton, a multitude of the Maddigan acquaintances, who knew of Minnie's intended screen debut and who recognized the joyously plunging Babe as quickly as they would recognize one of their own children, yelling, some in fear and some in wild laughter.

"Say, we're back at the house!" shouted Jimmy Darcy, whose eyes had never left the crowded streets in front of him from the time the company rolled to answer the call.

"Back her in," his captain instructed. "It was only a test call to see whether you were all on the job." A low moan escaped the racked and bruised body of the Faithless Bride. "Gee, look at that, will you, Jimmy!" cried Maddigan. "Babe got out of the professor's lot and followed us. What do ya know about that!"

Jimmy whipped out his clasp knife and cut the bonds of the girl he loved while from the crowd came jeers and hoots for the actress who would suffer such a brazen performance for the sake of a moving picture film.

"As soon as she gets her wind, Jimmy," said her father as he wrapped an overcoat about her, "I'll take her back to the studio and you can send Babe after us. We ain't got a single foot of that film registered yet."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Minnie, pulling the overcoat collar over her painted cheeks. "Take me home, Jimmy. I wanna go home! I wanna go home!"

Jimmy lifted her tenderly and held her, swaddled in blue, close to his breast. "You wanna go home, Min?" he asked gently, pressing her to him.

"Wow! My Gawd, Jimmy!" she screamed. "I'm hoit all over. Don't squeeze!"

"Can Finnegan hold me jawb f'r me a few minutes?" he asked his captain.

"Finnegan!" yelled Maddigan. And Jimmy Darcy shoved swiftly for the Leroy Street flat with his aching, precious burden.

THE snow was flying before a stiffening wind from the river and the window sashes in the quarters of the men of Number Twenty-four kept up a lively warning that if there was any fire fighting to be done that day it would be no mere ordinary skirmish.

"This is one afternoon, Jimmy Darcy," said Captain Maddigan as he watched his chauffeur tinker with his motor, "when you can let out all the speed in her without any kick from me."

"Uh-huh."

"And if I had any say in the matter, Jimmy, there'd never be any paper-box factories allowed in this crowded little town."

"How's Minnie?" asked Jimmy, uninterested in his captain's reforms.

"Well," Maddigan informed him, "she's puttin' away three squares a day now, and sittin' down to 'em, too."

"Did she say anything about me comin' up Wednesday night?"

"The last pipe I heard from her on the subject of men, Jimmy, was that she was going into a convent and wouldn't marry the richest man on earth, especially if his name was Darcy."

"She blames me for that false alarm?"

"She blames the whole fire department," the captain corrected. "She says the sight of the uniform makes her sick. If I was in your shoes, Jimmy, I'd scorn her and throw the come-hither to Veronica, who'd like to have you. I think she's a little jealous of Veronica even now."

"Mebbe." Jimmy straightened up and snapped the hood of his engine in place as the bell began tapping and the men of the company dropped down the pole in a blue streak. With one spring he landed behind the wheel and the motor and exhaust were thundering and roaring. The call was from Canal and Hudson. They shot out into the howling snow-filled gale with bell

and siren going. At Canal the men stretched the high pressure hose swiftly.

Smoke was pouring from the windows of the ninth floor of a tall, narrow loft building, rising fifteen stories from the sidewalk. The battalion chief arriving, took one look and sent in a second and then a third alarm.

The structure, designed to get the greatest possible results from its small but valuable site, towered like a brick chimney above squat little buildings covering the rest of the block. Above the ninth floor, six stories were cut off, lost in the snow and smoke as the increasing gale pushed it downward in folds of black and dancing white.

The third alarm brought Chief Kenlon from uptown, an old smoke-eater who always played safe. He turned in the fourth alarm.

"What's above the ninth floor, Maddigan?" he asked.

"Paper-box factory."

"All the girls out?"

"The building superintendent says so, but you can't be positive. A girl might faint, off in some corner, and never be seen."

The constant clatter of the trucks and engines in answer to the four alarms brought the entire Ninth Ward to the scene. Jimmy, watching his fast-playing pistons, was not surprised to see Minnie in a window across the street with Esther and several other chums.

"Wonder where Veronica is?" he asked his captain. "She ought to be with her bunch over there in the window." He left his engine long enough to inquire of the girls. They had not seen her since she finished taking dictation from her boss on the eleventh floor. He was turning back to his engine when something fluttered down past him. It was a woman's hat and tied to the ribbons was a pocket dictionary such as stenographers use. Captain Maddigan saw him pick it up and hurried to him just as Minnie and Esther screamed that it was Veronica's.

"Open the book, quick," Maddigan ordered. Jimmy ripped away the ribbons and they found scribbled in pencil on the fly-leaf: "For God's sake help me. I'm cut off on the roof.—Veronica McGuire."

"The rope gun!" shouted Maddigan. "Girl on the roof!"

"You'll never make it in this wind and from the street," cried Jimmy. "And if she got the rope could she handle it and get down by them windows?" He ran his grimy hands through his sorrel hair. His fine features were white and hard set. Maddigan's foreman was setting the rope gun for a shot, the metal basin holding a thin but strong cord at his feet.

"Wait a minute, Cap'n," asked Jimmy. His quick eye was taking in every ridge and hollow in the brick and stone decoration of the building's front below the belt of fire and smoke. "Git a scaling ladder. Finnegan, watch me engine." He detached the thin rope from the weight fitted in the muzzle of the heavy gun, picked up the coil and tucked it in his life-belt. "I'm going after her," he said and began mounting the tallest of the ladders against the building.

Beyond the top rung of the ladder was a mystery hidden by the storm-twisted columns of smoke.

"He's gone after her!" Maddigan heard his daughter yell. "Oh, Jimmy, I'm prayin' for you."

The big searchlights were turned on and followed the patiently climbing figure, for the street was as dark as night. He disappeared between two windows belching fire and smoke, but in a few seconds a vicious whisk of the gale parted the black clouds and they saw him balanced on his toes on a thin ledge of brick, sending ahead of him, inch by inch, the stout but supple rod of Georgia pine with its steel hook and tough little cross-bars.


"Look at him!" cried Maddigan. "He's

(Concluded on page 410)



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Of Montreal, president of the Dominion Textile Company, Ltd., and former president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He is interested in many of the leading institutions of the Dominion and is one of Canada's outstanding business men.

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their weekly and to answers to inquiries on financial questions and, in emergencies, to answers by telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit \$7 directly to the office of LESLIE'S in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be enclosed. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Full name and exact street address, or number of postoffice box, should always be given. Anonymous communications will not be answered. The privileges of this department are not extended to members of clubs who are not individual subscribers.

IN the creating of stringencies in the money market during the past year or two an important part has been played by Government borrowing. There have been intervals between payments of taxes when the nation's working capital has run low, and then it has been necessary for the Treasury to raise funds for current expenses by the issue of certificates of indebtedness, maturing in three or six months or a year, and bearing as high, latterly, as six per cent. interest. Certificates have been floated to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars at a time, and they have been taken by the banks, tying up thus enormous sums which otherwise might have been available to industrial and commercial enterprise. The Government's demands have distinctly lessened the ability of the banks to finance private business and have contributed much to the jacking-up of rates of interest on loans. The adverse effects of this have been profoundly felt in the securities market.

With the Government out of the scramble, it is admitted that credit would be obtainable by deserving concerns with less difficulty as well as at lower cost. Another result would probably be an appreciation in the values of Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes, which, as Government obligations, lost caste and declined because of their low yield as compared with that of the Treasury certificates. Had the Administration not bought back, at heavy discount, nearly two billions of the bonds it emitted at par, and had employed the money for current uses, it would not have had to help upset things by much borrowing.

It is too late, however, to mourn over that spilt milk. The problem is now how to relieve business of the competition of Government as a borrower. Various measures have been suggested, such as an increase of taxation to meet the Government's everyday needs, reduction of expenditures—a most reasonable plan—or another bond issue. The country is not in the mood to tolerate more burdensome taxes or a larger bonded debt. A decrease in outlays would go far toward improving the situation, and as a supplement to it a plan proposed recently by Mr. Eugene

Meyer, Jr., former managing director of the War Finance Corporation, is interesting and deserves consideration. Mr. Meyer advocates increase of the number of postal savings banks from 6500, as at present, to 55,000, the total number of post offices in the United States, and raising the rate of interest on deposits in these banks from 2 to 4 per cent. He believes that extension of the facilities for depositing and the higher return would call forth from hoarding places a large aggregate sum, estimated at \$250,000,000, and that thereafter deposits would show a heavy increase. All this money would be at the disposal of the Government and would measurably diminish its need of borrowing. Mr. Meyer thinks that within one year the accrued deposits would suffice to pay off the Government's floating indebtedness of \$2,500,000,000. Money entrusted to postal savings depositaries would not usually be placed in the banks, and so, in that respect, the scheme would not be detrimental to private financial institutions. Possibly, as some critics have said, Mr. Meyer is too sanguine in his expectations, but his suggestions have been approved in high quarters. Even \$250,000,000 would not be a trifling reinforcement of the Treasury's resources, and the Government would now consider money cheap at 4 per cent.

The less interference by Government in the proper ongoing of enterprise the better. With the Government no longer augmenting the strain on credit, legitimate business should experience more favorable conditions, deflation in money rates and commodity prices should be accelerated, and the outlook for securities should brighten. In the meantime, stocks and bonds of superior quality may still safely be acquired on their merits.

M., ATLANTA, GA.: Allis-Chalmers pfd. is paying 7% and at present quotation is an excellent business man's purchase. The common is now on a 4% basis.

L., WADSWORTH, OHIO: The Pullman Palace Car Co. is one of the most prosperous of industrial organizations. The stock pays 8% and is regarded as a desirable business man's investment.

T., BOSTON, MASS.: You can safely put \$15,000 into the New York Central Railroad Company's 10-year 7% collateral trust gold bonds. The bonds are well secured and interest requirements are

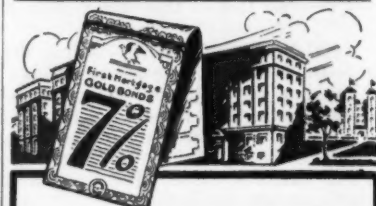
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W., ASSUMPTION, ILL.: Allied Packers 6's are a reasonably safe business man's investment at current price.

M., MELBURN, ARK.: The Rock Island Collateral trust gold notes are secured by first mortgage and ref. 4's of 1934 and are a safe investment.

S., LINCOLN, NEBR.: The Pierce Oil Corp. is doing a profitable business, but has not yet begun cash dividends on its common stock. It is paying 8 per cent. on preferred.

Z., CHICAGO, ILL.: The bonds of the Central Manufacturing District are guaranteed by the Chicago Junction Railways & Union Stockyards Co. which is a prosperous corporation. The gold notes of the District seem reasonably safe.

J., WILMINGTON, DEL.: It would be quite safe for you to invest \$3,000 in Atchison, the Union Pacific, especially the preferred issues, Southern Pacific, or N. Y. Central. You might buy some of each, which would strengthen your investment position.

H., LYKENS, PA.: A man who exchanges Liberty Bonds for the stock of an untried oil company is woefully lacking in business sense. Hundreds of thousands of people have been swindled out of their good Government bonds by promoters of unreliable oil companies.

L., ST. LOUIS, MO.: Morris & Co. is one of the three largest packing concerns in the world. The company's 7 1/2% 10-year gold sinking fund notes are in the safe investment class. Net earnings have averaged of late years more than twice interest charges. Price to yield 7 3/4%.

M., SEBERWAING, MICH.: It does not seem necessary for you to worry over your Packard Motor pfd. stock. The corporation is one of the leading and most prosperous motor car makers and it would not be amiss to buy \$5,000 worth more. It is, however, always a good plan to diversify one's investments.

E., TELL CITY, IND.: If you should buy the stocks outright, it might be good policy to borrow money at 5 per cent. and invest it in American Tel. & Tel., Studebaker, Midvale Steel, Westinghouse, and Western Union. You might also consider such railroad stocks as Atchison, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific, all sterling issues.

M., DENVER, COLO.: The first mortgage serial 7% gold bonds of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company look like an excellent business man's investment. The company is one of the three largest producers of beet sugar in this country. Net profits have been averaging more than five times interest requirements. Offered at a price to yield 7 3/4%.

H., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: There may be "speculative possibilities" in the bonds of German cities but they cannot at present be called strictly "a good purchase." Economic and political conditions in Germany are so unsettled that it would be safer to put your money into American municipal bonds, even though you may derive a smaller revenue.

B., GEORGETOWN, S. CAR.: In view of the improved outlook for the railroads, it is possible that St. Paul 4 1/2's may go higher. But you have an excellent profit and it might be advisable to take it. Many good preferred stocks are selling low. American Woolen pfd. is paying 7 per cent. and selling about 95 1/4 to 97. There is a good purchase in International Mercantile Marine bonds.

B., NEW YORK: This is not a time to organize an automobile company. The demand for automobiles is falling off somewhat and competition in the business is becoming sharper. I do not advise purchase of the cheap stock of any new organization. It would be safer to buy the shares of one of the leading establishments. Only the stronger companies are likely to survive the coming struggle.

W., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Instead of considering Utah Securities Corporation secured 6 per cent. notes as a "gilt-edged investment" and suitable for trust funds I regard them as not good for that purpose. The company's financial condition is not strong. A better plan would be to buy Victory Notes, good real estate bonds, or Union Pacific or Southern Pacific 7 per cent. equipment trust bonds.

N., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The Adirondack Power & Light Corp. serves several cities in Central New York and about half of its stock is owned by the General Electric Co. Its first and refunding mortgage 6% gold bonds aggregate \$5,020,000. The company pays the normal Federal income tax up to 2%. Net earnings for the past fiscal year were more than twice interest charges. Price of bonds to yield over 7 1/4%.

J., TOLEDO, OHIO: You could exchange C. B. & Q. joint 4's, due next July, for C. B. & Q. general 4's of 1938, selling considerably lower, and make, at present prices, a material saving per \$1,000 bond, without loss of income and with increased security. Or you could exchange the C. B. & Q. 4's for Baltimore & Ohio gen'l 4's of 1948, and make a still larger saving on the \$1,000 bond, without loss of income. The B. & O. bond sold in the 90's before the war.

P., ROCHESTER, N. Y.: Owing to the great demand for paper, the paper manufacturing companies have been enjoying much prosperity. The American Writing Paper Company is reported to be earning at the rate of \$25 a share on preferred. This stock is 7 per cent. cumulative and is in arrears 136 1/2 per cent. The Company may decide to resume dividends on preferred, but until the back dividends are taken care of there can be no return made on common.

S., LATROBE, PA.: Liberty Bonds are, of course, the safest of all securities, City of Bordeaux and Vancouver bonds are in the reasonably safe class. You might put your present capital of \$500 into good real estate or farm mortgage bonds, or such preferred stocks as Corn Products, pfd.,

U. S. Steel pfd., or Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. pfd. Most all of the first-class bonds of railroad and industrial organizations are now very low and must sell higher at some future date. Victory notes are an attractive investment for a man of limited means.

W., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.: Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. common pays 8%, American International Corp. common, 6%, International Mercantile Marine pfd., 6%, and the stock is in arrears 42%. These three are good business men's investments. Booth Fisheries is highly speculative. Transcontinental is a long-pull speculation. Bethlehem Steel 8% pfd., and U. S. Rubber 8% 1st pfd. are well thought of. More speculative stocks bearing 8% and selling lower than the above, making the yield greater, are Pierce-Arrow pfd. and Pierce Oil pfd.

J., ERIE, PA.: Among municipal bonds issued by Ohio cities I think well of the following: City of Cincinnati 6% direct obligation coupon bonds, optional July 1, 1930, due July 1, 1940 and 1950, offered at a price yielding 5.31% to the optional date and 6% thereafter; City of Youngstown 6% direct obligation coupon bonds, offered at prices yielding 4.4% and 5.5% according to maturity; City of Lorain school district 6% coupon bonds due Feb. 1, 1924, to Feb. 1, 1931, offered at prices to yield 5 1/2 to 5 3/4%. All these are legal investments for savings banks and eligible as security for postal savings deposits.

S., AKRON, OHIO: I should consider an investment of \$1,500 in Famous Players 8% pfd., Miller Rubber 8% pfd., and Kelly Springfield Tire 8% pfd. as a very fair way of placing the money. Industrial Alcohol, American Beet Sugar, and American Bosch Magneto are among the better class of stocks which have sold higher. What constitutes a fair profit on a stock depends on a man's own view of the situation. Some people are satisfied with 2, 3 or 5% profit. They are governed to some extent by the condition of the market. This is not a bull market and if a stock makes a slight advance you cannot be sure that it will retain it.

K., FAIRMONT, W. VA.: U. S. Food is a semi-investment issue paying 6 per cent. The Pacific Development Co. is prosperous and its dividend is 7 per cent. Wilson & Co., Stewart Warner, U. S. Retail Stores, National Cloak & Suit Co. are dividend-paying business men's investments. Montgomery, Ward & Co. stock, making no return at present, is a speculation, apparently a long-pull. Cuban-American Sugar Co. stock is a business man's investment, and Coca-Cola a business man's speculation. American Cotton Oil has suspended dividends and is now in the speculation class. International Motor Truck pfd. is a 7 per center and is a fair putcnase, but the common is still speculative. Associated Dry-Goods 1st preferred is the best stock of that concern. The 2nd preferred pays a dividend, the common does not. New York, September 18, 1920 JASPER.

### Free Booklets for Investors

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, issues booklet L which explains how Puts and Calls operate and which he will send to any applicant.

First mortgages on Miami real estate, well secured and yielding 7 per cent., are offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Miami, Fla. The company will supply to any investor its booklet 91 and current investment list.

Oklahoma farm mortgages bearing 6 per cent. are being distributed by the Godfrey-Brewer Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla. The company will mail to any address a list of selected first mortgage securities and its interesting descriptive circular L.

Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, issues a weekly publication, "The Investment News," whose forecast of the market has often been very accurate. The firm is ready to give expert advice regarding what to buy and how to buy. Its department L.W.-10 will send valuable descriptive literature on request.

Investors and business men who have been consulting the "Bache Review," the authoritative financial weekly, find that they cannot prudently do without it. Its information and suggestions are very helpful. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members of N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Bldg., Chicago, issued an "Investment Guide" which describes a diversified selection of first mortgage real estate bonds, which the firm has been dealing in for many years. These bonds are safeguarded under the "Straus plan," net 6 per cent., have 4 per cent. Federal income tax paid, do not fluctuate, are amply secured, and are highly favored by conservative investors. Write to the firm for booklet I-1003.

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These new methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And you are urged to prove it by a pleasant ten-day test.

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Within a week you will know that your teeth are protected as they never were before. And you will always want your teeth to look and feel like that. Cut out the coupon now.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

## 10-Day Tube Free

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Only one tube to a family

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By David Robinson

THIS clever picture, a reproduction of one of the many popular covers of JUDGE, in full colors, mounted on a heavy mat, 11x14, ready for framing, makes an attractive decoration for any man's "Land."

It will be mailed post free upon receipt of twenty-five cents, cash or stamps.

JUDGE PRINT ART DEPARTMENT, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

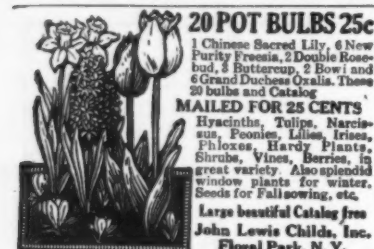
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Write quick for this amazing sock bargain. Only limited lot. Men's fine quality black or gray wool socks. Fully seamless, double sole, toe and heel. Guaranteed wear-proof.

**6 PAIR OF GUARANTEED \$3.00**  
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**SEND NO MONEY** — write quick. Socks sent delivery charges paid. Pay \$3 on arrival, no more. Money back if not more than pleased. Give size, color.

Bernard Hewitt & Co., 900 W. Van Buren St., Dept. X260 Chicago, Ill.



## 20 POT BULBS 25c

1 Chinese Sacred Lily, 6 New Purty Freesia, 2 Double Rosebud, 8 Bottercup, 2 Bowl and 6 Grand Duchess Oranlis. These 20 bulbs and Catalog

**MAILED FOR 25 CENTS**

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Pionies, Lilies, Irises, Phloxes, Hardy Plants, Shrubs, Vines, Berries, in great variety. Also splendid window plants for winter. Seeds for Fall sowing, etc.

Large beautiful Catalog free John Lewis Childs, Inc. Floral Park, N.Y.

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Metropolitan in every respect, yet homey in its atmosphere  
**HOTEL WOLCOTT**  
Very desirable for women traveling alone  
Thirty-First St. by Fifth Ave., New York

## False Alarms

(Concluded from page 407)

passing the thirteenth floor. Now he's using the window ledges. . . . He's reached the fourteenth. . . . Watch our Jimmy Darcy!" He turned to Minnie and pointed upward. "Once he gets that hook on the cornice he's all right," he shouted.

The little scaling ladder was pushed up again and its steel hook went over the metal edge of the roof. Would it hold? It had to hold. The firemen below caught glimpses of him as he swung out from the front of the building and began to crawl upward. Then the smoke cut him off. Did he make it? Sure. If he hadn't, there would have been a hole smashed in the wet asphalt, just as there was when the poor trapped girls in the Triangle shirtwaist factory fire, not many blocks away, jumped with their clothes blazing a few years before.

But something did drop. It was one end of Jimmy's thin rope and in a couple of seconds a larger rope was attached and the signal sent aloft to haul away.

Safely between the flame-filled windows, the heavy rope was held by men on the street and a great cheer went up as Jimmy, his right leg twisted neatly about it, came sliding down to the sidewalk, a grin on his

face and Veronica McGuire lying limp over his left shoulder. A fireman relieved him of his burden, taking Veronica into the house across the street. Jimmy went back to his engine.

"Jimmy!" He was not sure that he heard his name called and went on about his pottering.

"Jimmy!" He looked up.

"Hello, Min."

"Jimmy." Her face was as white as the gathering snow on her shoulders. "I'm sick. I'm gonna faint." He caught her as she toppled against his shoulder. "Take me home, Jimmy. Take me home, please."

"Finnegan!" called Maddigan. "Watch that engine. Take her home, Jimmy."

Their faces were close together as Jimmy Darcy pushed through the crowd at the police lines and Minnie's arms were tight about his neck.

When they reached Hudson Street and the going was easier, Jimmy Darcy felt the clench tightening. Slowly his sooty, sweaty face was drawn down until their lips met in her lingering kiss of surrender.

"Did you faint, darlin'?" he asked.

"Not yet, Jimmy. Kiss me again!"

## Mayor by Accident

(Concluded from page 396)

Kiel was conducting a party of visiting correspondents back to their hotel in his limousine after the last act of "Katinka." With a diabolical idea of rattling some of the bones of the St. Louis family skeleton, LESLIE's representative inquired "how about that bridge that couldn't get across the Mississippi River?" For years this uncompleted structure had been a monument to factional discord. It was about midnight when we made our brutal suggestion.

"Joe," commanded the Mayor to his chauffeur, "drive across the free bridge!"

Joe did. Seeing is believing. Today,

the free bridge stands completed, for we crossed it.

Your correspondent had to get up as early as 6:30 the next morning for the Mayor threatened to be around to the hotel with his car at 8. And on the dot, he was there. He was out to sell St. Louis to a national circulation and he knew just how to do it. At the faintest suggestion that St. Louis was possibly weak in any particular, he accepted the challenge, spoke terse words to Joe, and we were off after evidence. And whatever we saw, we saw it right, and no rubber-neck guide had his facts and dates and figures more pat than Mr. Mayor.

## War's Aftermath in the Orient

(Concluded from page 386)

tion point in the province of Shantung, where the railway built by the Germans branches eastward to Tsingtao. In the dim light of the early morning I caught my first glimpse of the men of Shantung. They were clad in blue denim and were clean; they were tall and of husky build, and they stood erect on their feet. They looked like men who would fight to the last ditch if it had to be.

For an hour, as the train sped along through the Shantung province, I enjoyed the goodly sight of the finest agriculture that I had seen in the Orient. Here were no little garden-patch farms,

but great fields of grain stretching away to the distant hills. With the same crude implements that had been used by their ancestors whose little mounds dotted the landscape, and on soil that had been continuously worked for thousands of years, these upstanding men in blue denim were producing results worthy of a farmer from Kansas or Iowa. I have always felt confident of the ultimate future of China but I never felt it more profoundly than on that bright morning, with wonderful fields stretching away into the distance and with the echo of a bugle-call that had no tremor.

## A Woman in Baseball

(Concluded from page 396)

league of five boys' clubs, and later my girls' club. Of course my boys wanted to play the real game with a genuine baseball, and through the kindness of Mr. Hall, head of the mute asylum at Kenel Green, obtained the use of the regulation diamond there one day a week. Occasionally I can get the use of other diamonds, and the good fellows who write sports for the Washington papers and who appreciate what athletics mean to the growing boy are assisting me to obtain space for a

diamond at Camp Meigs for my League.

"My 'midget' team beat the small boy team from Trinity College in June, and we have defeated many other outside clubs. One of my stars is John Fitzgerald, fifteen years old, who plays left field, and is a champion at high and fancy diving and distance swimming. Elmer Mead, my boy catcher, also has won a cup for diving. And one more thing at closing. I'd rather manage my sixty and more boys than try to handle any three girls I ever saw."

## Special Opportunities

### PATENT ATTORNEYS

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**Agents: Reversible Raincoat.** Two coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 155 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

**Sales Agents Wanted in every county** to give all or spare time. Positions worth \$750 to \$1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 238 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

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Manufacturers or others using space in this column can give a brief outline of their merchandise, proposition, or services, and then either complete the sale or encourage business with descriptive catalog and follow-up. This suggestion is offered to prove the value of good advertising, with a view that some day, appreciating its value, your business will increase and you can use space on a larger scale.

When ordering space please send complete "follow-up" so we can be thoroughly conversant regarding your offering.

	1980	1979	1978	1967	1966
Alien	Summer	Winter	Summer	Summer	Summer
Aller	A	A	A	A	A
Altman	A	A	A	A	A
Baldwin	A	A	A	A	A
Bell	A	A	A	A	A
Buch-	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler (6-6)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Inc.	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler (cylinder) -	A	A	A	A	A
(FA)	A	A	A	A	A
(FB & L ton)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Cleveland	A	A	A	A	A
Continental	A	A	A	A	A
Dale Price	A	A	A	A	A
Draper Brothers	A	A	A	A	A
Federal (Model S-X)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Fort	A	A	A	A	A
G.M.C. Trucks	A	A	A	A	A
Grain Co. (Model 12)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Hoyner (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
(11 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Motor Size	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Iones	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	A	A	A	A	A
King (Cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
Kiesel Karz (Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Lithero	A	A	A	A	A
Moscowitz	A	A	A	A	E
Nelson (½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Marmion	A	A	A	A	A
Mazda	A	A	A	A	A
Mercury	A	A	A	A	A
Vincor (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
(8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
Melroe-Knight	A	A	A	A	E
Monter (Model M J)	A	A	A	A	E
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Nash Knott	A	A	A	A	A
(Model GT)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
National (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
(12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
O'Brien	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Old Hudson	A	A	A	A	A
Oskoda (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
(8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
Packard	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	A	A	A	A
Roadster (Eng.)	A	A	A	A	A
Touge (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Stinson (Model 250)	A	A	A	A	A
Perkins (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Perce Arco	A	A	A	A	A
(Com.) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Perron	A	A	A	A	A
& Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Peterbilt	A	A	A	A	A
Pickford	A	A	A	A	A
Rock Falls	A	A	A	A	A
Sandford	A	A	A	A	A
Sawson	A	A	A	A	A
Seagrave-Bush (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
(8 & 6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
Scissors-Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Starbuckler	A	A	A	A	A
Templeton	A	A	A	A	A
United (Grand Rapids) (2-ton)	A	A	A	A	A
(3 ¼ ton)	A	A	A	A	A
(4 ton)	A	A	A	A	A
(6 ton)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Velle (Model 36)	A	A	A	A	A
(6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Vim (Models E, G and H)	A	A	A	A	A
(Model B)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Wagner	A	A	A	A	A
White (16 valve)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Willis-Knight	A	A	A	A	A
Wilsey	A	A	A	A	A
Winther Sea	A	A	A	A	A
Wilson-Marcus (1 ¾ ton)	A	A	A	A	A
- All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin	A	A	A	A	A



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